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I WISH SOMEBODY'D COME.

The flowers are blooming on the lawn,
The birds are singing free,
And everything is full of life
And happiness but me;
The flowers look strangely dull to-day,
They are shadowy as my dreams,
And very lonely seem to me
The sunlight's golden gleams.
As for the birds I heed them not,
They had as well be dumb,
They cannot charm my heart to-day—
I wish somebody'd come!

I've tried my books—my music, too,
I've tried it o'er and o'er—
But, pshaw! I cannot see my notes,
My eyes keep wandering far.
Unanswered notes before me lie,
I'll count them—one, two, three;
And here are letters waiting, too,
And what are they to me?
My books are stale—my music
Discordant as a drum,
My voice is very bad to-day—
I wish somebody'd come!

The sun is setting in the West,
And twilight deepens now,
And night comes forth, an ebon queen,
With jewels on her brow;
The cat is sleeping on the hearth,
The bell has rung for tea,
And not one living soul has come—
What can the matter be?
The day is gone, the night comes on,
And I will look no more—
There, Bettie, don't you hear the bell?
Somebody's at the door!

Pictures of Life.

AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT.

PREPARED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are some actions which transcend the sphere of human law; which, though in form violations of that law, human justice cannot properly judge; which the Divine justice alone should hear and determine. One of these is that case of which I now propose to lay the circumstances before the great tribunal of the people of my country, as the highest to which I can appeal during my life; acting more from a conviction that I ought so to do as a matter of justice to my own friends, than because I hope or fear anything from any earthly verdict. The reasons why I am at present abroad, out of reach of any individual or authority at home, and why I take this present mode of stating my case, will clearly appear from my narrative; and will be suggested by the short extract hereunder given, of a letter, received not long after my departure from home, from my lawyer, a well-known and eminent counsel in the city of New York.

* * * * * * * * *

"Basing my conclusion upon the foregoing several considerations, which I have treated at some length, in order to put you in possession of my entire reasoning in the premises, I now proceed to answer the questions in your letter. Those questions, as I find, upon referring to said letter, are of the tenor following, viz.:

"1. The case being such as I have stated it above, can I be certain of an honorable acquittal if I return and give myself up for trial; and if nay—

"2. Should I, in the event of such return and surrender, probably be convicted of murder, or manslaughter; which?

"It is my opinion that in the event of the return and surrender, as above mentioned, you could not be certain of an honorable acquittal; but would probably be convicted of murder in the first degree, unless, in the improbable event of acquittal on the ground of insanity.

"At the same time, having thus spoken to you as of counsel in your case, let me add a few words as your father's ancient friend and your own. I fully believe you *justifiable* in the deed which you have committed; since no man can be holden to submit his volitions, or the conditions of his life, to the volitions of another. I consider the case which has been stated by you to be one which the law *does not contemplate;* and that the unfortunate probability of condemnation which I have mentioned to you, is one arising not from any moral weight in the evidence, or any moral quality in the deed, but solely and entirely from the present imperfection of the Statute Law in this State; which is predicated upon a philosophy not embracing the fundamental truths whose consideration must necessarily be involved in the formation of an intelligent decision upon the present unhappy transaction."

Having quoted so much of my old friend's kind and sympathizing, as well as most thoroughly argued letter, I proceed to publish, through this safe vehicle, a plain narrative of the sad train of occurrences which sent me across the sea, and which have so hopelessly darkened my life with deep shadows of regretful sorrow, as I shall exhibit it, besides setting my own character right, and thereby relieving my friends from an undeserved reflex of opprobrium, may go a little way in inducing a truly scientific and unbiased reinvestigation of some of the main problems of Life—problems which now hang confessedly unsolved, and ignorance of which is daily complicating many of the already entangled webs of human existence, and vitiating more and more deeply the happiness and the faith of many of the best and purest of our race.

The short account which I have to give is merely a reproduction of the statement forwarded to the legal friend from whose letter in reply, the above extracts were taken. It is enlarged and altered so much as is necessary for the transformation of a bare enumeration of circumstances, prepared by one lawyer for the inspection of another, into a narrative so clear and full as to be suitable for interesting and convincing the community.

I was a very slender and delicate child, although apparently quite healthy; and I have grown up into a slender and delicate man. It is not necessary for me to speak in detail of my youth, further than to say that I was instructed in all learning and accomplishments proper to the son of parents of high social and intellectual standing, yet of fortune so limited that their children must expect to earn their own living.—Having quitted college, I commenced the business of the law in my native city.

It was shortly thereafter that the first circumstance occurred which has any relation to the purpose of this narrative, namely: the beginning of an acquaintance between a young lady and myself, which rapidly developed into a most intimate friendship, and as I think myself justified in believing, even into deep happiness, in an intention and prospect never avowed indeed in words, yet existing as the spontaneous result of our natures and intercourse, of a partnership in all of life that God might give us; on earth and elsewhere. She is dead. And if it were not for the profound and profoundly revengeful conviction which I entertained, and still entertain, that a more fearful retribution than any deed of mine could bring, or any imprecations of mine could ask, has befallen the wicked man whose deeds I am to narrate, I should utter deep curses upon him, the author of the infernal villany that slew her; as I should have devoted my life to the protraction of whatever revenge I could inflict, notwithstanding that the crime was one in which I was in some sort an instrument, though surely guiltless. But I have the satisfaction—so dear to the constitution of the human heart, all preaching to the contrary notwithstanding—of knowing that the utmost possible punishment has been inflicted, and that by my intervention, for the foul guilt which slew my love, and which has curtained in my own shortened life with black hangings of unimaginable sorrow.

It is however needful that one trait of my character should be clearly explained; for the reason and sufficient apology, that it is in some measure the key to my defence; and not being available as evidence in a court of law, must for that reason be the better enforced in this broad forum. This trait is a deep and limitless craving—which has always been the central and prominent feature in my own consciousness, my commanding guide and impulsion, the principal explanatory fact of all my life—a deep and limitless craving after utter unconditional freedom; freedom of body, mind and soul. The need, the absolute necessity rather, was inborn in me; is ever vibrant, vivid and sensitive, throughout every fibre, every thought of my two lives; the material and the immaterial. Its intensity may be morbid, but if so, my life is morbid too. It is the normal aspiration and single absolute demand of my being. It has ever deeply colored the whole array of my thoughts and actions; it was the chief cause of the one deed which is the immediate occasion of this narrative. This necessity, entirely uncomprehended by my parents, rendered me, even in childhood, dangerously frantic and ungovernable under the exercise of authority; uncomprehended, and foolishly ill-treated by my instructors, it was the cause of that stubborn insubordination, and indomitably rebellious resistance to decree and retribution alike, which made me a firebrand at school after school, and finally drove me ungraduated and in technical disgrace from the institution where I had been expected to win the collegiate diploma which my old-fashioned parents seemed to regard as the one only sufficing proof of good training in liberal arts. The same relentless instinct has uniformly restrained me from joining any society or constituted organization under rules of any kind whatever, ecclesiastical or civil, social or literary. It has rendered me restive, and I think apparently sometimes almost boorish, in neglecting or violating many of the conventionalities usually deemed to have been wisely established for the best adjustment of the relations and processes of human society, and to operate in accordance with the dictates of a wise expediency. I think that to the same instinct is traceable my preference for loose and easy dresses; and the actual delight which I find in keeping irregular hours, for sleep, study, eating, and indeed all employments whatever. It has rendered me also most circumspectly apprehensive of coming under any human influence of any kind, argumentative, rhetorical, social or affectional. I have had no friendships, properly so-called. I have avoided those public meetings where powerful orators played at their politic will upon the obedient minds of the audiences who took a pleasure, to me disgusting and unnatural, in submitting to this manipulation. I have found my few attempts at co-operation with bodies of men or single individuals quite too irksome to myself and unsatisfactory to them to encourage me in further experiments. I have thus lived a life almost wholly solitary in the midst of a high civilization and of a most social community.

The love to which I have alluded has been the single exception—with one other, most ill-omened, fatal and tremendous!—to this absolute law of my being; neither is this properly an exception, since the influences exerted moved *from* me as much as *to* me, or more, and were in every respect spontaneous; acting from without the sphere of the will; neither violating or obeying *that*, but only bearing it forward, along with the remainder of the whole nature that moved in obedience to the impulse; necessary corollaries, in operation and direction, of the relations between the two organizations concerned when once brought into juxtaposition.

Such I was, and so was I living; appearing seldom in society; busied among the studies of my profession, and the other pursuits dear to the ardent and active æsthetic faculties of a quick and keen mind; and finding all my pleasure—a pleasure that seems to have been the deeper, now that I shall never enjoy it more—in the company of Eloisa Dering.

There is nothing else of my own character, I believe, with which I need further encumber this egotistic narrative, except certain physiological statements; unless, perhaps, an allusion to one presentiment which has dwelt with me from before the reach of my memory, namely, the presentiment of early death. During the few years of my happiness this had faded almost into oblivion. But with their departure it returned. It may be fulfilling itself; yet I cannot escape an instinctive reverence for it—nor would I lose my belief, half fearful, half solemnly joyous, that it is a voice sounding from out the pre-existence of the yet unembodied soul; echoing ever and anon its truthful memento through the sad inner chambers of my embodied life; warning at once, and assuring me of further life; a whisper of eternity, heard indistinctly, by reason of the thick curtains that veil us from the true Life; heard, perhaps, by me, I sometimes imagine, in virtue of the peculiar constitution of my bodily frame; its fineness, purity, delicacy; as, upon a musical instrument of finest quality, the most soft and delicate touch, even the touch of the wandering air, will elicit a low but sweet, distinct and long-vibrating note. But whatever the expectation be, I have it and have always had it. And none, marking my frail figure, thin face, deep-set eyes, and strengthless movements could fail to believe, with me, that at or before the prime of my manhood—the precise time to which my expectations point being at the end of the three years now next to arrive, I shall have departed to the Silent Land.

I am of dark but pure and clear complexion.

There is some natural—physical—law according to which I was attracted towards Eloisa. I am pleased to think so since my perception of it should imply a healthy correspondence between those laws and my own being. But this impression has been much strengthened by observing many cases in which there has existed what I might call an opposition of personal colors, between husband and wife; that is, where one of them has been distinguishable for very light hair, complexion, eyes, and the other for very dark. This instinctive attraction may have been ordained with a reference to the maintenance of the physical homogenity of the human race; and it is in correspondence with a diverse fact observed by many physiologists, *viz.*, that children whose parents are of temperaments very marked, very pure, and similar, are quite commonly imperfect in bodily and mental constitution. But I am digressing.

Eloisa and I might have stood for Light and Darkness. We were alike in delicacy and fineness of physical texture, but sharply opposed in point of personal colors; like a white web and a black, woven of the same thread and texture. She was of a rare and delicate and ethereal beauty. I used to call her my White Angel. Artists were ever seeking permission to make sketches and pictures of her. Her sweet and kindly nature led her to grant very many such requests with the single restriction that neither such pictures nor any copies from them should pass out of the artists' possession. Nor was this condition ever violated, until, at last, one painter, a gifted and unscrupulous man, impelled perhaps by some sore need, such as so often haunts the erratic votaries of beauty, sold a portrait of her; the most perfect of all. My persevering search, undertaken instantly upon discovering the fact, failed even to bring me upon the trace of the picture, which as will hereinafter appear, travelled through various hands upon an ill-omened errand; returned again burdened with sad fates; and at last suddenly appeared before me when little expected, to my cost and to my sorrow; for I was one of the three to whom the splendor of its radiant beauty was appointed the messenger of evil.

I repeat, Eloisa and I might have stood for Light and Darkness. Her figure was slender and shapely; she was neither tall nor short; her delicately moulded head was of a classic beauty, except in the intellectual region, the forehead, whose dimensions were more lofty and capacious than the sensuous and shallow-souled Greeks would have admired. Her features were absolutely perfect; possessing, in an extraordinary degree, the aspect of calm, pure strength, which is inscribed upon those faces where the *fewest lines* bound the most noble forms. She was as white as a lily—I mean as purely white—not with any dead, earthly whiteness, but such as one might ascribe to the translucent superhuman beauty of the lovely Grecian goddesses; and yet with a faint rosy tinge upon the cheek; and in the summer, when she lived all the day in the happy out-door sunlight of God, or in the sweet shadow of His woods, she used to be just perceptibly embrowned where the sun kissed her. Her clear, blue eyes, if I looked straight into them when the light fell upon them, sometimes seemed to be only of a bright gray; if at any time she was weary or ill, their color grew faint, and brightened and grew intense with health or excitement. And with the superabundant wealth of her fair, gleaming tresses she used for sport to veil herself round about almost to the ground; but commonly she wore a portion of them braided into a coronal; the crown of her innocent glory; and the remainder she used to fasten in a heavy mass in whatever form it would lie shapely and close, or she would wind it tress by tress about her slender finger, and forthwith she was embowered with heavy curls.

Light and Darkness—and since the sweet Light is gone, the shadow of the name that in sport she sometimes gave me has fallen upon me in earnest.

I must say something of our intercourse with each other; for the character of it doubtless in sundry ways determined the possibility of the painful scenes that caused its close; and moreover, this explanation—whatever my own sensations may be in a public reference to my love, even after she is dead, or in tracing over again so carefully and consciously these old paths of delight, now not forgotten, but habitually buried in whatever covering cares and obstructing employments I could heap upon their memory—this explanation being essential to the completeness of my plan, must be given.

Perhaps I cannot better attain my object in this respect than by the following statement of similar and differing conditions: Imagine, therefore, two persons, man and woman. Let them be similarly of physical texture i. e., of fibre, complexion, form—delicately sensitive, even to the keen perception of all atmospheric influences; of temperament, nervous—having, that is, the brain and nervous system predominant among the blended organisms that interweave and interwork within human frames; having strong passions, stronger affections; with intellect predominating powerfully over these, and also with large endowments of those supreme faculties which bring and keep us within relations to the Divine, and to the Idea of Right. Let them possess minds intensely active, both in perception and reflection; let them also be especially developed and specifically active within those two ranges of acquirement, thought and labor usually indistinctly indicated as Literary and Artistic.

Upon this substratum of likeness, let there now be superadded certain diverse shades of character; namely, to him, that absolute necessity for utter independence which was above stated, and to her, correlative habits of investigation so fearless, and of reasoning and conclusion so clear and self-reliant, as in themselves—not in her—to seem almost unfeminine; to him, also, a sexual superiority in logic and reason, to her an answering superiority in the unfathomed depth of affectional power, in quick intuitional capacity, in true and delicate appreciations; and I apprehend that some faint but sufficient portraiture is accomplished.

Amongst the many employments which we were wont to pursue together, Music and Painting were perhaps those in whose prosecution we found the keenest pleasure. In both of these, however, Eloisa was quite as much my instructor as my companion. In the use of language, either in prose or poetry; that is in definite and clear arrangements of thought, and in the presentation of them for communication to others, I was superior to her; but in the sweet, dreamy, suggestive idealities which must furnish forth the instrumental executant, little less than the composer; which not only inspire the conceptions of the painter, but which likewise determine even his success in the very handling of the brush, she surpassed me. In those lovely and shadowy realms she was enthroned Queen; and from that immeasurable domain, fair and beautiful forms of vision and of sound came trooping endlessly at her evocation. She had a quaint and fanciful habit of constructing musical arrangements, in which the listener heard now one well-known melody and then another; I do not mean in succession, but interwoven in such wise that he was puzzled with the competition of remembered strains, and could not tell what music he had heard. This she did by a fortunate selection and dexterous combination of airs based upon the same fundamental harmony. Perhaps it was a polka and a waltz, fantastically enwreathing their different movements; perhaps a heavy and sonorous march, amidst whose full chords there flitted here and there a song or a dance; or from far beneath the masses of advancing sound there was dimly heard a cathedral chant.

Our musical habits were so nearly alike, and our proficiency, and our knowledge of each other's practice, that we used to extemporize piano-forte duets; Eloisa usually playing the theme which I accompanied; or both, in the intense sympathy of awakened musical perception, hearing the coming chords, as if floating about us in the air, to be called into their brief harmonic life by the expectant summons of the notes that died to make way for them, and scarcely ever failing of the succession or modulation.

I well remember how upon one glorious golden afternoon we had been playing a long minuet movement—in which antique and stately, sometime half-fantastic form of melody, we both took especial pleasure—I well remember the exquisite climax of delight with which together we evolved the long series of enharmonic changes which were at last to usher in the closing cadence. With sweet and gradual diminutions of sound and time, the quaint and graphic unfoldings of the chords went on; Eloisa's exquisite touch dropping the delicate notes in little showery handfuls, or in single succession, with a pure music, which ever reminded me of threaded stars, and of pearls dropped into clear water. The intangible breathings of the sweet summer day circled about us, and departed to carry the memory of the melody out to the motionless flowers in the sunny garden beneath the open window. From the remotest climax of involved modulation, the tangled melody crept softly out; disengaged itself; returning for a moment, repeated the simple thought of the first strain; and faded through four sweet half-repetitious singing measures, into silence.

It was a more intricate movement than we had ever threaded together; and it was by a spontaneous pleasurable and congratulatory impulse, that as the last note ended, we turned silently to each other, and in pure joy of heart our lips met. It was the first time, and we both blushed; yet with a smile, and without displeasure. Nor was there said any word, explanatory or apologetic. The kiss was natural and right; the recognition of a perfect and delightful correspondence in happy thought and skill; and as such we exchanged it, with no shadow of other emotion than that arising from its sweet novelty. It was our first kiss, but not our last.

Thus my days were passing happily away. If I did not spend more hours in Eloisa's company than out of it, yet certainly by far the greater portion of my life—of my conscious, pleasurable thought and effort—proceeded in her companionship and with her comment or direction, and association. It was by misfortune and not by fault that within so peaceful a circle, there arose an evil and tremendous disturbing force; shedding lurid and fatal light upon us, like a baleful and ominous star. . . .

There came into the provincial city where I was residing, a man of antecedents not precisely equivocal, but rather inscrutable, Herman Barr by name. His occupation seemed to be that of a lecturer; as nearly as he could be said to have any occupation; for from time to time, both in the city and near it, he was accustomed to deliver lectures upon a variety of subjects, for money; among which subjects, however, his favorite ones were discussions and expositions of what is now called Biology or Psychology, with experiments of various kinds by way of illustration and enforcement. Of the persuasive eloquence and luxurious elocution of this speaker, of the strange phenomena which he exhibited in the course of his lectures, as well as of his personal beauty, varied accomplishments, general attractiveness, and likewise of the singularity of his character and life, I heard frequent reports. In accordance with the constitutional peculiarity of which I have spoken, I uniformly refused to attend upon any of his discourses; but as the topics which he seemed to prefer were such as had always had an especial attraction for me, and as it was reported that he was even more profound and philosophical in conversation respecting them, than in set harangues, I resolved, if possible, to attain such an acquaintance with him as should procure me the knowledge of certain of his views and opinions.

In the prosecution of this design, I one day stopped at the place of his abode, and sent him my name. I was shown into the parlor, and he shortly entered the room and greeted me with a smile, a delighted manner, and a vigorous shake of the hand; all of which I should have thought hearty and even glad, had there seemed to be any reason for them. As it was, they appeared to be the demonstrations of a man of the world who finds it for his special interest to show a special interest in every one else.

He was, however, as I had been told, an uncommonly handsome man; tall and straight, with that breadth and squareness of shoulder which seems to hang the arms at a definite distance from the sides, deep-chested, and yet with an easy upright movement which, together with his fine form, indicated very perfect structural conformation, and strength both enormous and agile. Indeed, even the robust grip of his large and well-formed hand, in which mine lay almost as helpless as an infant's, at once impressed me with the idea of vast muscular power; while his steps and motions were as lithe and light as a cat's. His complexion was clear and rather ruddy; and his dark brown hair hung curling on his shoulders. His features were perfectly regular, his teeth white, his eyebrows arched, his eyes of a very dark hazel, liquid and deep, and his smile frequent, and peculiarly sweet and pleasing. The single characteristic which affected me unpleasantly, was the shortness of his neck; which, although so very muscular and well-set as perhaps to furnish the most striking amongst all the indications of his immense strength, deprived his head in great measure of the lofty heroic beauty to which it might otherwise have pretended; imparting to his whole figure the air rather of Herculus than of Apollo, and liable, if he should sink into a careless posture, to give him an air almost of deformity.

I have given here precisely the impression which I received at this first sight, without the modifications and additions which circumstances afterwards occasioned.

"My dear Mr. Seymour," said Barr, "I am very glad to see you. Sit down." Which words he uttered, as he placed a chair, in such a manner as to indicate that I was precisely the one man of all the world whom it was to him both a necessity and a blessing to see at that precise juncture.

The voice was rich, soft, sweet, even insinuating; a voice for music; and yet with a suggestion of sadness in its tones.

I would have offered some apology for forcing myself upon him in so gratuitous a manner.

"My dear sir," he said, "pray, don't say a word about it. I have been a solitary man in your city, but not by choice. I am right glad to know you; for your face is the face of a thinker; and although I cannot perhaps say more precisely what you are, yet that is enough; since I have not been in real communication with one single intellect since my coming hither, unless by the unsatisfactory wholesale method of oratory. I assure you you are most kindly welcome."

After some brief and desultory dialogue upon transient matters, I contrived to approach one of the subjects upon which I desired more especially to talk with him.

"Do you remember, Mr. Barr," I said, "in one of your recent discourses, an expression to this effect, that to the true American, every day is a Fourth of July?"

"Yes," he answered, with a half laugh. "And a telling piece of claptrap it was."

I was surprised, and he saw it.

"My dear sir," said he, "you must not—pardon me—be so verdant as to suppose that the heart of a lecturer goes out to the audience with his words."

"No! Then are our popular speakers paid so much per night for an hour's showy hypocrisy?"

"Why, it would not exactly do to say that," replied Barr. "Yet you will agree with me that to a true man there must needs be something disgusting and hollow in going again and again coolly over the sentences. They may at first have been struck hot and sparkling from an excited mind; but the repeater of his words soon comes to feel as if he were dangling burnt-out fireworks before the eyes of his audience. It seems like claptrap, even if it is not, from the irksomeness of the repetition. Besides, they want it; why should they not have it?"

I did not think proper to contest the point directly; and preferring to remain in a more suggestive or receptive attitude, I answered that there was much truth in his opinion as to impassioned composition, certainly.

"But," I added, "you seem to agree with the solemn old humbugging priests; and if a cardinal, or anybody else, should say to you with a long face, '*Mundus vult decipi*'—'the world prefers to be humbugged—'"

"I should certainly reply, like Pope Sixtus," he answered, assuming a ludicrous gravity, and with a face of equal longitude, "'*Decipiatur ergo*'—'therefore let it be humbugged.'" Then he added with a manner more serious, "Yet do not fancy that I believe in impositions. That remark had a better meaning, which was a salve to my own conscience. It was, in my mind, when I uttered it, quite as much or more a defiance of my audience than a compliment to them. I made in it a covert Declaration of Independence for myself also. Between you and me," he continued, "this Public richly deserves all the insults and abuses that could be contrived for it."

He sprang up and walked hastily up and down the room; and then suddenly stopping in front of me, went on speaking in a sort of scornful and jeering anger—

"*Vox populi vox Dei!* What terrific trash! *Vox Diaboli*, I say, for my part. And I heartily endorse Southey's other statements in point. You remember?"

I did not; and he proceeded—

"He addresses the Public, after repeating some of the set forms, enlightened public, &c., thus: 'Wherein your enlightenedness consists, and your generosity, and your judgment, and your liberality, and your discernment, and your majesty to boot,' I must say it would puzzle the devil to tell!' And he thus sweetly defines the proper fodder for the many-headed: 'If there be anything more good-for-nothing than good-for-nothingness itself, it is good enough for you!' Good, *I* say!" cried Barr, at last so vehemently, that I could not help laughing at his indignation.

"I don't wonder at your laughing," he said, good-naturedly, and resuming his walk; "you think I am in great haste to spread such thoughts before a perfect stranger. But—excuse me—I see at a glance that you are a safe man—no tattler. And this is an anger which is *very* strong with me, especially!"

"Why?" I inquired.

"Why? For many reasons. In general, because the Public is a tyrant, in which you will agree with me; a great, blind, clumsy, ignorant, cruel tyrant. In particular, and in my own behoof, because I have truth to say and cannot have a hearing; because I possess desert enough to entitle me to the possession of all the beauty and luxury which I was created to enjoy, and cannot reach, let me grasp as madly as I will; because I am rightfully entitled to an influential voice in the governance of humanity, which I cannot get!"

"But," I represented, "I have always felt that in the long run, a man will get what he deserves. Patience is very strong. Let one be strong in his patience, and strong also in the strength of true beliefs, and his tireless advocacy will eventually be heard, and will be powerful."

"In the long run—in the long run," exclaimed Barr, with a hot impatience, that was to me unaccountable. "And when the long run is over, and the prize is grasped, I shall have used up all my breath—my life—in the course, and must lie down and sleep. Death!—I will not think of it! I *will* enjoy my youth! In truth, I have had some enjoyment!" And a strange look of triumph flushed his handsome features, and he smiled, standing erect before me, and opened his lips as if to narrate some victory. But he seemed to restrain himself.

"This is mine, however," he said, "I will at least say this, that the Public does not know me, nor what I have done to it. It is true that I have thus far, and measurably, managed to please the worshipful, the Public; and it is to my profit. A little longer, and I shall have money enough to snap my fingers in its face if I choose."

"That," I said, "brings us back to the question that I was going to ask, if you had not so unexpectedly taken a side direction."

"What was it?" he said, and smiling as if at the thought of his wrath.

"I was going to ask you to give me a definition, naturally in connection with your remark about the Fourth of July. I was going to ask what is the best and expedient limit of Individual Independence; and what is the essence of that Independence, and the use of it?"

"That is a theme for a long discussion," he answered. "But I am satisfied of *one* thing—that money is one requisite to independence in this community, the laws are like the laws in Rome. A rich man may go through the streets and spit in any man's face, provided his money-bag is borne behind him, and a tender of the amount of legal fine for that indulgence forthwith made to the *spittee*. Have plenty of money. Then you may do right or wrong at your pleasure. That is independence. But will you excuse me?" he added, looking at his watch. "I have a business engagement, which, on my own principles I can least of all neglect, since money is to come of it, and independence thereby."

I intimated that I would gladly complete a comparison of our views on the point raised; for which time and place were set, and I departed.

This was a strange man! He certainly had judged instantaneously and correctly of me—unless he had been informed from elsewhere—so far as his words and the manner of his conversation indicated; for the careless hearty freedom with which he seemed to say whatever was in his mind was too much my own method not to win me at once; and his defiant boldness was not less to my liking. Yet I could not but see a certain unprincipled tone, as of one refusing allegiance to the Law of Right, as well as to all human law and custom, which was very far from pleasing me. I determined, however, to venture as much more conversation with him as should make me acquainted with the substance of his beliefs and the rules of his conduct, if indeed he had any; for, right or wrong, he was a man of too powerful and vivid a vitality, both of mind and body, not to be well worth the understanding.

There was a single other item which I had noticed, not without a dim and indefinable impression of distaste; namely, that Barr's eyes never winked. While talking, unless he was walking up and down the room, he looked straight and steadily into my own eyes, after a fashion that a little disconcerted me; for my habits were not miscellaneously conversational, and this close, keen look made me feel almost as if in personal contact with him; and personal contact with people I especially abhor. This steadiness of gaze he had doubtless learned amongst men, and before audiences; and it did not seem so much out of place in a roving, ready cosmopolite. The *unwinkingness* (to coin a word) of it, however, was almost painful. It seemed as if his eyes must grow dry and dusty and blind. But so it was. Neither did I ever afterwards see him wink unless it might be when sand or dust was actually blown into his eyes.

It was a little time before I had any further significant conversation with my new acquaintance, as some accident intervened to prevent one or two successive engagements which we made to meet for the purpose. I, however, met him several times, either in my walks or elsewhere; but on these occasions he seemed to avoid any discussion requiring thought, probably because he was at such times more in need of recreation than of effort. He preferred a more discursive range of conversation, in which he astonished and delighted me by displaying stores of reminiscence and anecdote, relating to men, things and actions, seemingly inexhaustible. Of all public men, of all cotemporary enterprises and phenomena, he seemed to have had special private knowledge and information; such was the prompt aptitude with which he adduced fact after fact, little known, but invariably throwing those sharp, strong biographical touches of light upon the men or the undertakings which personal intercourse alone can furnish. This style of conversation was entirely new to me; after the thoughtful and imaginative discourse to which I had so long been accustomed, it was exceedingly fascinating; it exhilarated me like a light and generous wine. I used to repeat to Eloisa all the various matters thus received from him; and she

soon and very naturally expressed a desire to see him, which, however, from some faint shadow of distrust of the man, and of hesitation to present any one to her—of neither of which feelings had I ever become aware until this defined occasion for them arose—I delayed to gratify.

After one or two unfulfilled appointments, at last I met Barr a second time at his abode. We were by this time on terms of easy friendship; wherefore he desired me to go with him to his own apartment upstairs, in order to the greater comfort of our conversation.

This was a most disorderly, and even distressingly slatternly room—an especial distress to me, whose habits have always been neat almost to preciseness. The furniture was handsome, and even too plentiful; the colors dark and rich, the material expensive, the forms noticeably beautiful, even to the two white vases upon the mantelpiece, the curtains and their rings and ends. But a great pile of books, all dusty, lay upon the floor in the corner; disorderly papers encumbered the writing-table; finger-prints showed plainly in the dust upon the costly piano; sundry boots and shoes littered the hearth rug; a noble bust of Napoleon stood crowned absurdly with a smoking cap; a decanter of wine presided over half a dozen glasses, some empty, some half-filled; a mountain landscape, a noble picture, leaned frameless against a sofa-corner.

Barr emptied some books from a chair, and pushed others off the sofa.

"You are welcome to my den," he said; "I can never talk thoughtfully in the open air, else I would not entertain you here. Out of doors I must recreate, or receive—not produce. I am ashamed of my room; I stay little in it. Books have daily less life for me. I fancy that I grow younger as I grow older, but I find my strength, and my new youth, daily more and more where Life is; in ever-growing Humanity and ever-growing Nature."

"Books," I answered, "are usually dead enough. But is there not more of Life in pictures and music? And those are in-door company. You understand pictures, or else you would not own that landscape; and you value them, for those"—I pointed to two or three upon the wall—"are curtained over."

"I must show you one of them," he said. "I sometimes think that if it were not an ideal sketch, my theories of Life and Action and Pleasure would all be upset."

"An ideal sketch upset a theory?" I inquired; "that would be an airy battle, indeed."

"Phantom combats in the air have not only followed, but foreshadowed and represented coming earthly fights, both actual and tremendous."

"But explain to me your spectre-fight," I demanded. "What is this unsubstantial theory of yours, that an idea has challenged so perilously?"

Barr looked keenly and doubtfully at me.

"I do not know whether to tell you," he said. "Are you so free that you are able to allow every other man his own beliefs, let them seem as uncouth as they will?"

"I pretend to the possession of that freedom. But an uncouth belief is unfit for a beauty-lover like you. Uncouth beliefs belong to Samoides and Ashantees. Are you a Fetishist, and do you secretly worship a bug?"

"I'll state it to you," he said. "If you cannot bear it, I shall only add one lost friend more to my long list. It is one of the constituent parts of a system which I think I have proved; which is necessary to me, because it is inwoven with the constitution of myself. It is only this: that there is no Truth."

"No Truth? That is a short doctrine, but it needs a long commentary. No truth—how? when? where? Do you believe nothing? Do you neither see nor feel anything? Your doctrine does not frighten me, for others have held it before, I believe. But it needs explanation."

"I will give you a little bundle of facts," he said, "which may help you to understand what the inherent imperfection of language obliges me to state inadequately. This belief of mine is not a philosophy reasoned out in solitude; it has taken its shape from the great crowd of things seen, heard and experienced in a very full and varied life. For instance, I once asked a clergyman a question, upon a vital point of his theology. He made known to me his belief; and also he exacted from me a promise of secrecy, since he said, he did not think it necessary that these views of his should be generally known. Now his congregation would have unseated him in a week, if they had supposed that he entertained that belief. And I have done the like more than once; until I am convinced that the body of preached Christian doctrine does not at all represent the opinions of the preachers. What opinion must I have of the truth of the class who ought to stand highest in the nation for broad and bold and open truth? Again—nobody can help seeing that whatever of so-called Christian life and activity there is within this people of ours, it is an absolute nullity in coloring or directing the life and movement of the nation. What political measure or business enterprise or undertaking of any kind that concerns the nation is governed by Christianity? None. And I must draw my inference as to the truth of the nation. Take again my experience of individual men. I have been wronged, sometimes. At that I am not so foolish as to waste emotion. It has been done sometimes under small temptation, sometimes under great. But I have met with no man who would not, I think, wrong me, if only the temptation were great enough, and of the right kind. And I draw my own inference as to the truth with which it is claimed that any one acts up to a standard of right, irrespective of contrary inducements. And further—the temptation may sometimes be Money, sometimes Fame, sometimes Power, sometimes Pleasure; but what man, lay or cleric, private or public, is there who, when the temptation is *of the right kind*, and great enough, does not fall? If you instance any one who has resisted, I answer, his temptation is yet to come. When it comes, he falls, like the rest. And not only Men, but Women—Seymour, I tell you that I have not in all my life found the woman who was not to be tempted—to be won! Let the temptation be of the right kind, and great enough, and they are lost! That is my experience—and I have had much. Shall I avow that a sham has tempted them? Sometimes. Shall I exult in the form and manly beauty that has availed? Perhaps. Shall I even claim that I wield a personal and intangible power that acts without the sphere of the Will, that carries the volition as one part of the being, upon a great irresistible tide of Power? I might! But whatever the cause, so have I found it! None are true, none are true! There is No Truth!"

It was with an inexpressible and almost terrific air of half-restrained personal triumph, that Barr stood upright as he asserted this last claim to irresistible power. His eyes flashed, his cheek reddened; his whole being seemed to dilate and exult in the glory of the attribute he claimed; and in the dreary creed which he announced, he seemed to find a pleasure as satisfying and as complete as the deepest and holiest that fills the soul of the most humble and honest and devout believer in the Revelation. I could not avoid a sort of horror at this extraordinary exhibition, which was the more unhappy, as it was evidently made in full and absolute sincerity. And my own retired and meditative life had little prepared me to resist the appalling conclusion which this keen-sighted and widely-experienced man deduced from facts of which he had just now stated a few, which were in entire consonance with many he had from time to time suggested to me before, and which I could not counterbalance except with the intangible weight of an inward conviction of the fallacy which I was unable to trace. I answered, however, not with an untroubled soul—

"I feel no desire to forego your friendship, because you have such a belief, along with the others which it implies. We can agree to differ. I have the same kind of innate conviction of which you speak, to oppose to yours, upon the contrary part. I should dread to believe you right; I would never do it, I think, whatever the evidence; when the conviction should come into my mind, I am sure that all joy would forever depart. But there must be *some* truth in your doctrine, although I believe it not in its extent. However; now show me how your fancy sketch is in danger of upsetting it for you."

"Because," he said, "it would be impossible, if the sketch were real, to believe anything false or bad of the subject of it."

And drawing aside the heavy crimson curtain, he displayed the lost portrait of Eloisa!

I sprang up in astonishment and agitation. "Where did you get that picture?" I demanded.

"Why," answered Barr, "you ask as if I had done you a wrong in finding it. I bought it at a picture dealer's. Did you ever see it before?"

"Yes, indeed," I said, eagerly, and with increasing secret apprehensions, aroused by the profound admiration expressed by this unscrupulous and fascinating man for even the likeness of Eloisa; "yes, indeed. Will you part with it?"

"Part with it!" he exclaimed, scornfully, "that is the one thing which I keep carefully and lovingly. What if I should tell you, there is my Fetish? would you blame me for worshipping *that*—or rather the ideal which it suggests? My Divinity, I might well call it. For if I should find such a woman, would I not offer up my life to her? And, indeed, if it lay within the compass of human attainment, she should be mine! I would pass my life with her—a doubled life it would be! And, besides, it is a sort of proof of my philosophy; since it is only if there be extant such a living being as that, that I can be in danger of refutation. But there is not!"

I apologized for my offer; and being moved more deeply than I cared to show, by finding this picture in this place, I made an excuse for speedy departure. Having accordingly departed, it was my first endeavor to rid myself of the unreasonable jealousy which was besieging me. Herein I succeeded in some measure; for how baseless and even unmanly did it seem, to be wroth with one almost a stranger, and yet already so pleasant a friend, merely for owning and valuing a choice picture! He could not know the reason of my distemperature; and indeed had shown very evident surprise at it. I therefore put away from me the thoughts which were, however, not impossibly stirred up by a profound presentiment; and which, at anyrate, it afterwards appeared that I might better have encouraged.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ A countryman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed: "Upon my word! if the sea was but a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom!"

☞ The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing sherry cobblers, has just got out a work in which he attempts to prove that by eating hops you will acquire a knowledge of waltzing.

☞ A noted politician was recently caught by a friend in the act of perusing the Scriptures.—Upon asking him what particular portion of the good book he had selected for examination, he replied: "I am reading the story about the loaves and fishes."

☞ A witness was asked, in one of the courts, the other day, what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity? "Why, in troth, yer honor, since iver I've known her, she has kept her house clane and dacent."

☞ Two ladies who inhabit the region of the Five Points, were having some words together on the roadside, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door, and cried out—"Hurry, mother, and call her a thief before she calls you one."

☞ Among the prominent benevolent objects of the day, we perceive the call for the formation of a society for the amelioration of the condition of women with *snoring husbands*.

☞ From forty to fifty children are lost annually in New York, and none of their relatives ever hear of them afterwards. Double and triple the number of dead bodies are found every year, of which no one knows anything, and for which nobody appears to care, except to remove them as a nuisance.

☞ Out of every twenty young men in a quadrille, at an evening party, who pretend to be making love to their partners, ten are remarking that the room is very warm, five are observing that the polka is the grandest invention of the age, and are asking how the next figure commences.

☞ Criticus says that the difference between a successful lover and his rival is, that one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss. A distinction and a difference.

☞ The word grocer originally meant "ingrosser or monopolizer," and was applied to individuals enjoying certain trading privileges under Edward III. of England.

☞ "How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how as, if he lives till the morning, he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

☞ An exchange paper very gravely informs us that a young man who was recently bathing in the Mississippi river, seeing a number of ladies approach, drowned himself from motives of delicacy.

☞ Thirteen married gentlemen, who, within the last week or so, have been convicted of having smoked in their own dining-rooms, have been severally fined a new bonnet, and in default, have been committed to the hard labor of taking out their wives for an afternoon's shopping!

☞ "Snigglefrits, will you have some of the butter?" "Thank you, madam; I belong to the temperance society, and can't take anything strong."

☞ SINGULAR.—To see a boarding school Miss afraid of a cow, notwithstanding she did "all the milking to hum" a few months previous.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10.00 "
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE COMING YEAR.

The political contest is decided, and James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, is elected President of the United States. After the fevered and intense excitement of the past year, the country needs repose. Wisdom is not alone the result of discussion—the alternations of argument and quiet thought are alike necessary for its healthy growth. In the heat of discussion and excitement, views often are advanced, which in the after calmness of silent reflection it is felt cannot be maintained. He who is always discussing, is like one who would do away with the hours of relaxation and rest, and have it always work-day and sunshine.

That this need of repose, of a respite from political discussion, is felt by the great majority of our people, we can hardly doubt. And the feeling is, as we have said, as reasonable as it is natural. In their reading, men must turn once more gladly to the cool and quiet streams of Literature—and drink of those waters whose taste to men of all parties is sweet and tranquilizing. To enable them to do this, so far as the Post is concerned, we have made the most ample arrangements.

In view of its importance to us, we may be excused for repeating to those of our subscribers who engage in the formation of clubs, to *begin at once*. They will find it far easier than if they leave it later. Our Prospectus offers unequalled inducements in the way of original contributions; and we trust the character of our paper for selected matter, of all kinds, is not excelled by that of any other publication in the country.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

We have nothing decisive yet relative to Naples. King Bomba, at the last advices, was mustering his forces, and preparing to defy "a world in arms"—but it is generally supposed that if the tug of war really comes, he will be disposed to surrender at discretion. But will it come? Ah, that's the question. Will France and England really interfere for the cause of good government and against cruel tyranny in Naples? Then this would authorize a similar interference in France, where affairs appear to be carried on pretty exclusively with the high and iron hand.

And the people of France are becoming restive with bad times, too, as usual. Note the following symptom, which has a look of the Revolution of 1798 about it:—

The Paris correspondent of the Times, writing on Tuesday evening, the 21st inst, says:—It is rumored that a good deal of agitation has recently occurred in the Department of the Deux Sevres, of which Niort is the chief town. Indeed, it is said to have lasted the whole of September. The arrest of a *reprise de justice* led to the discovery of the existence of a new and very dangerous society, which had held, I believe, but one nocturnal meeting at Mayc, near Lonzy.

The project attributed to these conspirators was nothing less than the destruction by fire of the crops of corn, &c., and of houses, and the extermination of "aristocrats, priests and the rich." The *mot d'ordre* proceeded from Poictiers. The result of these denunciations was the arrest of sixty persons near the canton of Thouars. The accused are affiliated in the society known as the Marianne. After the last affair at Angers all communications in writing and all meetings were interdicted to the Marianne of more than two, three, or most four members, in order not to attract attention. When the persons just mentioned were arrested, the canton became much agitated; the wives of the prisoners ran crying through the villages; and a number of peasants, armed with pitchforks, threatened destruction if the gendarmes did not instantly let them go. It is said that the gendarmes were forced to yield them up, and with some difficulty kept themselves from being disarmed. The agitation increased, and a large band gathered together tumultuously at Briou.

The prefect put himself in movement with the gendarmes of Bressiures, Chiche and Geais, and was accompanied by the Procureur-General. On arriving at Briou, the revolters at first showed signs of resistance, but in a short time were dispersed, and they took refuge in the fields and woods. The prisoners have been tried, and sentenced to various penalties by the tribunals.—Among them is said to be a person of superior class, who is sentenced to a year's imprisonment for having made use of seditious language against the Government. The high price of food is no doubt the immediate cause of those disturbances, but it is evident such associations as the Marianno, and others which depend on it, profit by every circumstance to advance the main object they have in view. Fresh arrests appear to have been made in the Faubourg St. Antoine within the last few days. They have nothing to do with politics, but are attributable to the strike which has taken place in an establishment of that quarter, and which menaces to extend to others. The workmen declare that, owing to the high price of every article of necessity, and increased house rent, they cannot go on, though the daily wages for that class of workmen (paper stainers) is from 4f. to 6f. They demand an augmentation of 1f. daily.

That wild scene which preceded the revolution of 1848—court ladies, on their way home in the morning from a ball, being detained by a party of workmen, and compelled to purchase their release by a kiss all around—had not such a fierce and sanguinary look as a portion of the above. Louis Napoleon's situation evidently is growing rather ticklish.

John Arrowsmith, a cotton broker, of Liverpool, avows himself the author of the story in relation to duels on the Georgia railroad, and he reiterates the truth of his statement. We have seen nothing yet relative to this supposed hoax, from the Georgia papers.

The condition of the money market in Paris and London is not much improved yet. The policy of the Banks of both countries continues very restrictive.

The Duke of Tuscany, taking alarm at the demonstration against Naples, appears disposed to grant concessions to his people by reviving the Constitution of 1848. The tide of public feeling—that very singular thing—seems to be again reacting against the recent reaction from liberalism. First we had 1848, with its marvellous swing towards Republican institutions, the world over—then the Absolutist reaction of 1850. And now again, the European pendulum seems to be swinging once more towards Free Institutions. So we go, it is a curious world—not knowing its own mind more than half the time—that is, granting it has a mind of its own.

CONDITION POWDERS.

A country subscriber writes us relative to the medicines for animals, especially horses, called "Condition Powders;" what we think of them, and what they are made of.

As to the last point we know nothing—but we would advise him to be very careful how he gives his horse medicine when in health—and even when he is sick. Horses, we are inclined to think, are oftener killed than cured by medicine. People generally suppose that a horse, being a *strong* animal, requires *strong* medicines—but this is a great mistake. Living on very simple food—not eating flesh at all, nor spices, nor drinking stimulating liquors of any kind—a horse's system probably yields to *proper* remedies more easily than a man's. Therefore, if the suitable remedy is chosen, he need not be dosed, or rather poisoned, to death.

With a horse as with a man, when he shows signs of being unwell, he should be put on a short allowance, instead of being encouraged to eat. Often, when the weather is mild, merely turning a horse out to pasture for a day or two, will remove the disease. Rest and abstinence, or change of diet from grain to grass—or hay, when there is no pasture—will often be sufficient.

We have very little doubt that more horses are killed by over than under feeding. Conversing with the President of our State Agricultural Society, the other day, he said he kept his working horses in fine condition without giving them either oats or corn. Good hay, with a feed of carrots or potatoes—the former especially—he found amply sufficient, and much more favorable to health. Cut hay or straw, with ship stuff or middlings, is also an excellent thing in the place of oats.

Therefore we say to our country friend, throw all "condition powders" to the dogs—who will not be apt to eat them. If his horse does not seem to fatten, try a change of diet. Try carrots especially—throwing them into the manger just as they are taken out of the ground, without either washing, cutting, or cooking. A horse seems absolutely to need his "peck of dirt" occasionally—as a corrective. And yet many horses, kept constantly stabled, cannot even "eat dirt," as the Turks say, when their instinct impels them so to do.

As to the driving horses in the cities, between constant oats and heavy blankets, they have a hard and perilous time of it. Working comparatively little, and fed high, they get the gout and other diseases, just like a man who does the same. Instead of cutting down their oats when they are not driven daily, owing to bad weather and other reasons, they are fed their half-peck three times a day just as usual—to their owner's expense and their own injury.

A POETICAL DUN.

The following poetical dun is from the *Methodist Protestant*—but it will apply to almost every paper. We copy it in the hope that it will go straight to the heart—and from thence into the hand, which it will conduct into the pocket—of every subscriber who is in arrears for the Post. If the Post is not worth every cent that we charge for it, then we don't know anything about the printing business. But hear our poetical brother:

Should you ask us why this dunning,
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read the paper weekly,
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of church affairs and prospects,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction;
Read the table of the markets,
Carefully corrected weekly—
Should you ask us why this dunning,
We should answer, we should tell you,
From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper maker,
From the landlord, from the carrier,
From the man who taxes letters
With a *stamp* from Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him,
From them all there comes a message,
Message kind, but firmly spoken,
"Please to pay us what you owe us."
Sad it is to hear such message
When our funds are all exhausted,
When the last bank note has left us,
When the gold coin all has vanished,
Gone to pay the paper maker,
Gone to pay the toiling printer,
Gone to pay the landlord tribute,
Gone to pay the sable carrier,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him.
Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of toilsome labor,
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant dunning,
Due in sums from two to twenty.
Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spectre from you?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper *paid for*?
Send us money—send us money,
Send us money—send us money;
Send the money that you owe us!

☞ A NEW TOWN.—A subscriber, O. C. A., calls our attention to the new town of Aledo, in Mercer county, Illinois. He says:

Aledo is in its infancy; the first building was erected last March, and occupied by a family in April. We now number over three hundred and eighty inhabitants, and will have two colleges put under construction early in the spring. The town is situated in the centre of Mercer county, and on the Great Western Air Line Railroad.

That is doing pretty well, we think—first house in March, and 380 inhabitants in November. Aledo, it is evident, is determined to take her place among the towns.

VERY NATURAL.—We see it stated that "the Sikh religion in Hindostan is dying out." It strikes us as very natural that a *sick* religion should die out—though a great many sick religions seem to live a long time after they ought to die, and be decently buried, notwithstanding.

A BABY JUMPING CHAIR.—This is the name of a chair in which the seat is hung on spiral springs, and thus affords a healthful amusement for young children. A weighing apparatus, up to 40 pounds, is attached thereto. Mr. Carryl, 162 Chestnut street, has it for sale.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1857.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4TH, 1821.

The publishers of this old and firmly established paper take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to their programme for the coming year. Surfeited with politics, the claims of Literature will be more than ever appreciated by the reading world. We have therefore already made arrangements with the following brilliant list of writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, the Author of "ZILLAH," &c.

We design commencing, in the first number in January next, the following Original Novelet:—

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c., &c.

This is a STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic aspects under which nature and society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; or, The Child Medium," &c.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELET,

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., is also in course of preparation for the Post.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

☞ In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c., our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of Engravings, we generally present two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

TERMS (Cash in advance)—Single Copy $2 a year.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the notices of new contributions and our terms,) for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE POLITICIANS.—The Newark Mercury administers the following excellent advice, which will suit men of all parties:—

"Let them cultivate the acquaintance of their wives and children. By turning to the big Bible they will find the names of their neglected little ones, and if they will study out the receipts signed by milliners, dress-makers, dry goods salesmen and others, they will have no difficulty in making out, in the midst of the whalebone, crinoline, furs and feathers, the wife they once so fondly cherished. It is a great thing to be up in politics—a blessed thing to be sound on national issues. But when the battle is over, it is delightful to go home to one's family and renew the associations that were powerful before the clubs were organized, and the cabins and ranches built. If the women and the babies had the appointment of Thanksgiving, to-morrow would be the day."

NEWS.—There is such an amount of interesting news, of all kinds, this week, as to trench considerably on our editorial columns. When the two come into competition, we are inclined to make our own lucubrations give way. Doubtless the mass of our readers like this plan the best, and certainly *we* do. New hands at the editorial pen may like the pleasure of wielding it—but, for our part, we much prefer Mr. Calhoun's famous policy of "masterly inactivity."

☞ Our thanks are due to Messrs. Fisher & Bros., for a fac-simile of "*The New England Courant*" of Feb. 11, 1723—"printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin in Queen St., where advertisements are *taken in*." It is a funny little affair. It must have been glorious to be an editor in 1723—a paper like that could be edited before breakfast-time.

FARM FOR SALE.—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of a valuable farm for sale in Burlington county, N. J.

New Publications.

A PRONOUNCING AND DEFINING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Abridged from Webster's American Dictionary. By CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D.

This is, as its title informs us, an abridgement of Webster's great Dictionary, and is executed with much judgment, and a strict view to serviceability. The plan of the work has been to leave out from the vocabulary all obsolete or useless words, and devote the space thus gained to the definitions—in a word, to make the Dictionary *popularly* useful. We would advise every one to obtain in preference Webster's unabridged, which serves in every exigency, and for every purpose. Yet the abridgement will, to most persons, be all sufficient, and, moreover, may be purchased at half the cost of the other. It is, unquestionably, one of the very best of abridgements, and a work of great value. Walker's Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scriptural Names is appended, and also a full vocabulary of modern Geographical Names, phrases and quotations from the ancient and modern tongues, abbreviations, etc.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE. A Domestic Novel. By Mrs. Grey. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE RIFLE, AXE, AND SADDLE-BAGS, AND OTHER LECTURES. By WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Under the above quaint, yet appropriate title, Mr. Milburn, already well known throughout the country as the blind Chaplain to Congress, and at the South and West, as a leading minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has published essays and lectures on various subjects peculiarly incidental to Southern and Western Life, such as perilous adventures with the Indians, backwoods festivities and social customs, the character and lives of famous itinerant preachers, the history of the French Chivalry in the Southwest, and other topics similar in kind. The work is very interesting, and is written with much graphic power and eloquence.

KANSAS; Its Interior and Exterior Life. By SARA T. S. ROBINSON. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Robinson is the wife of Gen. Robinson, widely known as one of the leading Free State men of Kansas. Her work includes a view of the settlement, political history, social life, climate, soil, productions and scenery of that region. It is, of course, the result of local observation, and was written during a three month's residence of the authoress at Lecompton, with her husband.

MARIANNE; or, THE QUEEN'S OATH. A Tale of the Days of Herod. By E. H. M. Dayton & Burdick, New York. For sale by Smith, English & Co. Philadelphia.

A romance of much power and interest. Many of the scenes have great vividness and reality. The story is tragic, being that of the martyrdom of the Jewish Princess and Queen of Herod, Marianne. The author shows much intimacy with the scenery and life of the epoch in which the tale is laid, and writes dramatically and with unusual talent.

THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By SCHUYLER HAMILTON, Brevet Captain U. S. A. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

The title of this interesting little work sufficiently explains and recommends it. It gives a minute account of the various phases the American flag passed through to its present aspect, and is full of curious antiquarian and heraldic knowledge. The work is dedicated to General Winfield Scott.

SINAI AND PALESTINE, IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR HISTORY. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A., Canon of Canterbury. J. S. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia.

CALIFORNIA, INDOORS AND OUT. Or, How we Farm, Mine, and Live Generally in the Golden State. By Eliza W. Farnham. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

BRAZIL AND LA PLATA: The Personal Record of a Cruise. By C. S. Stewart, A. M., U. S. N. G. P. Putnam, New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait, Philadelphia.

☞ Pompey said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

Paris Letter.

One of the Miseries—Sombrine and Shadow—An Old Rumor Revived—A Curious Coincidence.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The miseries of the New Yorkers on the first of May are but the pendant to what are endured by the Parisians on four days in the year, to wit, the fifteenth of January, of April, of July, and of October. A general flitting of the discontented portion of the tenants of the metropolis takes place on these days; the streets are obstructed with huge furniture-vans, laden with all the miscellaneous objects that go to make up the *sine qua non* of the modern housekeeper, and porters, commissionaires, (or errand-men) and charwomen are in a state of utter confusion and perspiration, dropping under the weight of their labors, but counting over, in delighted anticipation, the agreeable little "sum total" they will have cleared by the operations of the epoch.

It is true that "small tenants," i. e., those who pay only four hundred francs a-year and under, move, when it is their pleasure to change their quarters, on the 8th of the month; those only whose rent amounts to more than that sum, moving on the classic "15th." But the household treasures of the former class of the population not being very extensive, their flitting makes vastly less change in the physiognomy of Paris than does that of their wealthier neighbors.

Just at this moment all other topics, the approaching Congress, the Union of the Principalities, the tightness of the money market, and the disquiet among the masses of Paris, are all merged in the difficulty of getting housed, the monstrous pretensions of the landlords, and the horrors of moving. Everything else is forgotten in the one absorbing topic of the time.

Not but what great facilities exist here for getting yourself and your goods into a new abode, provided only that you have succeeded in obtaining the condescending permission of some "proprietor" to establish yourself in an apartment to him belonging, on condition of your deposition to the fact of your having "no cat, no dog, no children," and of your consenting to pay somewhere about double what the said apartment is really and fairly worth.

An immense number of companies exist here, amply provided with enormous covered-wagons, stout horses, and strong-backed porters, who take upon themselves the whole responsibility of the removal. Besides these, the *concierges*, only too glad to get a job of the kind, hire a large cart for a couple of days, and pull load after load through the streets, often turning a very respectable penny by their doings in this line. All the people, great and small, that undertake to "remove" their fellow-beings, solemnly engage to take every possible precaution against injuring their furniture, and to make good all fractures, injuries, or losses occurring in the operation. But it would be useless to attempt to exact a literal fulfilment of this contract, as the "*demenageurs*" are always unanimous in declaring that anything coming broken out of their hands was broken before it came into them, and that any article not dutiable at the end of the journey, was certainly never given into their care. One is rarely robbed outright by these people; but the injury they inflict on one's goods, chattels, and feelings, is in general sufficiently severe.

"'Tis an ill-wind," says the proverb, "that blows nobody any good." The unprecedented scarcity of houses, so often alluded to in these letters, or rather the immense amount of pulling-down going on here, which leaves so many vacant spaces where houses recently were, and are to be again at no distant period, has resulted in the springing up of an immense number of improvised, open-air booths, where every species of small article is to be found at preternaturally low prices; too often, it must be added, of a quality corresponding with mathematical precision to the scale of price, but in some cases of a quality vastly better than could be got at the shops for the same money.

The Parisians are very fond of these "bazaars;" they will pass an hour in looking over the heaps of things displayed on the counters, and go off at last with half-a-dozen bargains "at five sous apiece," which they will display with great satisfaction to as many of their friends in the course of the day. Foreigners, too, are always to be found *en masse*, examining and purchasing and marvelling at the smallness of the prices.

But the success of these "bazaars" is limited to the days of fine weather; as, indeed, is the peculiar life of Paris in almost all of its manifestations. For Paris, so supremely happy on a sunny day, is as overwhelmingly wretched on a rainy one. From the *millionaire* rolling through the sloppy streets in his luxurious carriage, to the hosts of seedy-looking loungers at the doors of small *cafes* and shows, every one looks sad, careworn, heart-broken, on a wet day. As to the gay little bazaars in question, they seem, on a rainy day, to be the chosen abodes of despair. We wonder, as we hasten by under our dripping umbrellas, what the miserable beings, with unwashed, spiritless visages, dimly discernible through the doorway, can possibly be doing there; and it never occurs to us for a moment that anything more aspiring than their own wooden shoes can ever cross those uninviting thresholds. We do not even observe the announcements, in great white letters upon strips of pitched canvass, above the half-closed shutters; the pictorial sign boards alternating with them, ease through the droppings of a shower, fail to convey any definite impression to our senses.

The salesmen stand idle in the splendid *magasins*; the flower-woman, shrunk to a bundle, sits forlornly on the edge of her basket in some winding "*porte cochere*," just out of the rain, in company with the vender of soda-water carrying his pagoda-shaped "fountain" on his back, and the ubiquitous itinerant glazier with his load of panes. Porters' children peep disconsolately out of the door of the lodge to see if the rain is stopping; crowds of anxious faces cluster in the omnibus-offices, waiting for the chance of a vacant place in the crowded vehicles that come lumbering along without stopping, for who ever found a vacant place in a Paris omnibus on a rainy day? The men hurry by in water-proofs and galoshes; and the women, with their petticoats gathered into one hand, as none but a Parisian can gather them, pick their way daintily through the mud, without a speck on their neatly-turned feet and ankles. The duchess drives by despondently in her grand bespattered carriage, and her lacqueys stand sullenly behind, with cascades pouring from the rims of their hats, and rivulets streaming from their capes. One and all have made up their minds to be unhappy, and unhappy they are; doggedly, silently, morosely, or indignantly, eloquently, and impatiently, according to their several humors; but all oppressedly, injuredly, thoroughly unhappy.

But let the clouds clear away, the sun shine out, the pavements become dry, and the crossings passable, and in half-an-hour the whole face of Paris has changed. The flower-woman emerges from her retreat within the gateway, gay as her own roses; the soda-water man and the glazier throw off their misanthropy, and go on their way rejoicing; the porter's children play merrily with those of the house across the street, making court and pavement ring with their shrill laughter; elegant toilettes succeed one another down the whole length of the street; the shops are crowded with customers, waited upon by alert and smiling Adonises, who show off their own charms and those of their wares with equal satisfaction; and the countless temporary bazaars being thrown wide open again, their sallow and spiritless inmates are suddenly transformed into the most eager and vociferous of salesmen, who entice us into their Circean enclosures, and hold us fast, amidst an immense crowd of visitors of all classes, by the offer of incredible bargains in penny knives and scissors, nail-files, toothbrushes, wooden skewers, cheap paper, gorgeously-ornamented braces and garters, dominoes, shaving soap and razors, tin-ware, glass, crockery, chimney ornaments, baskets, boxes, purses, sham jewelry, coral, ivory, and jet, toys of all kinds, whalebones, horn and pewter mugs, boxwood salad-forks, seals, rosaries and crucifixes, japanned trays, straw-soles, candlesticks, lemon-squeezers, allumette-boxes, sealing-wax, cigar-cases, egg-cups, and patent medicines—of every thing, in short, of which we have not the shadow of a need, but of which we generally end by becoming possessors to the amount of one or two small silver coin, to the great delight of the touters aforesaid.

The signs, too, so unhooded half-an-hour before, shine out in all their brilliance, inviting us to visit "a family of young lions, brought up by a little girl of eleven, feeding out of her hand, and licking her foot," a wonderful clairvoyant, "of unrivalled lucidity, who will play at cards with you blindfold, divine your thoughts, and answer three questions;" a "magic mirror, in which you will see the face of your future partner;" an "infallible pedicure;" a "diorama of Constantinople and the Siege of Sebastopol in motion;" the millions of animalcule contained in a drop of sea-water; a series of *poses plastiques*, and a capillary artist, "who will dye the whitest hair black in a couple of minutes;" while at every door stands a touter, making himself very hoarse and red in the face, in his incessant efforts to impress upon all who approach him, the conviction that his particular establishment is the one which each individual, did he or she but know it, is most particularly in need of.

Every step is light; every countenance joyous; the duchess and her lacqueys have alike regained their equanimity, and the most infinitesimal huckster, as he drives a successful bargain to the amount of three *centimes*, is as keenly alive to the blessed influences of the sunshine, as happy in the fresh air and the freedom of lungs, limbs, and gossip, as the duchess herself.

To judge from the liveliness and energy that the Parisians manifest on all occasions, the eagerness with which they throw themselves into the emotions and occurrences of the moment, the amusement they contrive to get out of the most trifling sources, one would think they had never known sorrow or *ennui*. And yet the expression of their countenances is often far from joyous; and an anxious, and unquiet look tells of suffering, and the wear and tear of life's hardships. The difficulty of making a living, the constantly increasing demands of luxury and fashion, the generations of political and social instability, tell even on the elastic temperaments of this light-hearted people.

The reports with regard to the Emperor's health, so rife here in the summer, are again going the rounds. It is positively asserted by the few, and repeated with more or less confidence by the many, that he is attacked by a spinal disease which is weakening his brain. It is very difficult to know, in such a case, just what degree of truth may be at the bottom of such a rumor; but the persistance of the reports in question would seem to indicate that all was not quite right in the mental condition of the singular personage who has made for himself so conspicuous a place in the European doings of the moment.

The lovers of the curious are amusing themselves with an old computation, beginning with 1794, the date of Robespierre's fall, which becomes the base of a series of dates, giving the principal events of French history. Thus, 1794 as our starting-point, if we add to this number the amount of the figures it contains, and so on, we arrive at the following results:

1794 Fall of Robespierre.
1
7
9
4
—
1830 Fall of Charles X.
1
8
3
0
—
1842 Death of Duke of Orleans.
1
8
4
2
—
1867 Fall, evidently preordained by Fate, of his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., say the long-heads.

This curious series, which your readers may have seen when it went the rounds of the English and American press, some ten years ago, is at least interesting as far as it goes. By this time next year we may be better able to judge of the value of its concluding term. QUANTUM.

Death of Mr. Clayton.—Hon. John M. Clayton, United States Senator from the State of Delaware, died on Sunday evening last at his residence in that State, after a long illness, the fatal termination of which has for some time been anticipated.

Convicted.—On Thursday week last, Ruloff, charged with the murder of his wife and child, 12 years ago, near Ithaca, N. Y., was tried at that place, and found guilty.

Apples.—Western apples are selling higher than ever before known at this time of the year. Sales were made in New York, last week, at $4 per barrel, and Long Island pippins continue to be put up there in large quantities, for exportation, at from $6 to $8, when rolled in papers and packed.

Georgia and South Carolina join with nearly all the rest of the States, North and South, in celebrating the annual festival of Thanksgiving on the 20th of November. The Mayor of Washington has issued his proclamation, by which the Federal Capital will join the community of States on that day.

Washington, Nov. 6.—It is understood that arrangements are already in progress for the reorganization of the editorial force of the "Union" newspaper. It is in contemplation to have one editor from the North and another from the South, in view of Mr. Buchanan's Administration. Mr. Nicholson will retire on the 4th of March.

☞ Every woman is, or ought to be, more or less a child of beauty, and her occupations should not degrade her into a drudge.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The returns have come in this year much more slowly than was anticipated, so that as we write, several States are yet in doubt. There is very little doubt, however, but what Messrs. Buchanan and Breckenridge have been elected President and Vice President of the United States—probably as follows:—

States.	Buchanan.	Fillmore.	Fremont.
Maine,	—	—	8
New Hampshire,	—	—	5
Vermont,	—	—	5
Massachusetts,	—	—	13
Rhode Island,	—	—	4
Connecticut,	—	—	—
Pennsylvania,	27	—	—
New Jersey,	7	—	—
Delaware,	3	—	—
New York,	—	—	35
Georgia,	10	—	—
Maryland,	—	8	—
Virginia,	15	—	—
Kentucky,	12	—	—
Tennessee,	12	—	—
Indiana,	13	—	—
Illinois,	11	—	—
Michigan,	—	—	6
Wisconsin,	—	—	5
Iowa,	—	—	4
Ohio,	—	—	23
Mississippi,	7	—	—
Texas,	4	—	—
Arkansas,	4	—	—
Missouri,	9	—	—
North Carolina,	10	—	—
South Carolina,	8	—	—
Alabama,	9	—	—
Florida,	3	—	—
Total,	164	8	114

With California 4, and Louisiana 6, to hear from. Of the above States, Tennessee and Illinois are still considered uncertain. Tennessee may have gone for Fillmore and Illinois for Fremont.

The whole number of Electoral votes is 296—of which a majority is 149. Col. Fremont, to succeed, required the vote both of Pennsylvania and Illinois, or, failing Pennsylvania, of every other Free State.

The Vote of the Cities.—The vote of the principal cities on Tuesday week was as follows:

	Buchanan.	Fillmore.	Fremont.
Philadelphia,	34,922	21,881	7,803
New York,	44,414	19,869	17,783
Baltimore,	9,971	10,000	—
Boston,	5,458	4,330	7,616
Brooklyn,	13,319	6,139	7,501

It will be noticed that the largest Northern cities have gone heavily for Mr. Buchanan. The Southern cities, it is believed, have generally gone for Mr. Fillmore.

Maine.—We have not the full vote from this State; the majority for Fremont is probably 30,000.

New Hampshire.—Returns from 221 towns in New Hampshire, being all but 8 in the State, give Buchanan 32,160; Fremont 38,014; Fillmore 408. Majority of Fremont over Buchanan, so far, 5,891.

Vermont.—This State has gone for Fremont by about 25,000 majority.

Massachusetts.—The vote of Massachusetts for President, seven towns only remaining to be heard from, foots up 106,829 for Fremont, 88,282 for Buchanan, and 19,787 for Fillmore. To the Legislature, lower House, there are elected 323 Republicans, Buchanan men 8, Fillmore 8. Majority for Fremont over Buchanan, about 68,000. All the Republican Congressmen (including Burlingame) elected.

Rhode Island.—The full vote of Rhode Island, for President, stands 11,379 for Fremont; Buchanan 6,580; Fillmore 1,663. Majority for Fremont over Buchanan, 4,799.

Connecticut.—The vote for President foots up as follows:—Fremont 41,820; Buchanan, 33,797; Fillmore, 2,447. Fremont's majority over Buchanan 7,523.

New York.—The Republicans have carried the State by probably seventy to seventy-five thousand majority over Buchanan. They have also carried the Legislature and Governor—the latter by 50,000 majority. The various papers in New York make the result in that State, as far as heard from, as follows:

	Fremont.	Buchanan.	Fillmore.
Tribune	242,492	160,784	114,011
Times	218,435	167,023	110,951
Herald	222,019	160,065	137,383
Courier and Enquirer	220,567	165,937	111,407
Albany Journal	220,341	165,191	110,275

New York City.—Official.—Buchanan, 44,414; Fremont, 17,783; Fillmore, 19,889. For Governor—Parker, 39,567; King, 14,342; Brooks, 20,829.

New York Legislature.—The Senate was elected last fall, and contained, as elected, 12 Republican Whigs, 11 Know Nothings, 4 pro-slavery Democrats, 4 Free Soil Democrats, and 1 Whig (Senator Smith, of Kings.) Of these, 17, a majority of 2, are identified as Republicans in sentiment, and will, there is no doubt, act with that party.

To the Assembly, as far as heard from, 84 Republicans, 31 Democrats, and 7 Americans have been chosen. Six districts remain to be reported.

The Congressional delegation will stand 21 Republicans and 12 Democrats.

New Jersey.—Buchanan has a large plurality in the State. Newell (Union of Fremont and Fillmore vote) is elected Governor. Buchanan's vote about 34,000, Fremont 19,000, Fillmore 17,000. Majority for Buchanan over Fremont about 15,000—one report says 17,000. Three Democrats, and two Opposition elected to Congress. In two districts the Fillmore and Fremont men ran separate tickets for Congress.

This is a gain of two Democrats on the present delegation in Congress.

The Legislature is Democratic in both branches—in the Assembly there are 38 Democrats and 19 Opposition. The Senate will probably stand Democrats 11, Opposition 6.

Pennsylvania.—The returns have come in very slowly from our own State. The vote is stated so far, about as follows—in many cases the majorities, and not the full vote being given:—Buchanan 150,495, Union ticket (Fremont and Fillmore) 135,778. Majority for Buchanan over Union ticket 14,717. Then there was a straight Fillmore ticket which must have polled probably 28,000 votes. This would put Mr. Buchanan in a minority of the full vote—but we are inclined to think that the official result will prove otherwise. It is our *impression* that Buchanan will have at least 3,000 majority over the total opposition vote in this State, and from twenty to thirty thousand over the Union ticket.

We are not able to State the relative Fillmore and Fremont strength in the State. In the Eastern counties the former generally preponderates; in the North and West the latter.

Ohio.—Fremont's majority is reported to be 15,000.

Indiana.—Cincinnati, November 8.—The official majorities in thirty-three counties of Indiana, show a Democratic gain of 9,643. The western counties show a Republican gain of 1,615. Buchanan's majority, as far as heard from, is 11,925, which will be reduced to about 10,000. The Fillmore vote is not stated.

The *official* returns of the *October* election give Willard (Dem.) 117,931, Morton (Repub.) 112,039, Democratic majority 5,892.

Illinois.—Chicago, Nov. 10.—Seventy-one counties show a majority of 7,500 for Fremont, but the remaining twenty-four counties will give Buchanan a majority of full 10,000, so that there can be no longer any doubt of the result in the State.

The Republican State ticket is 12,000 ahead as far as heard from. The Fillmore men voting for it.

Michigan.—A despatch from Detroit, dated Saturday, says that thirty-three counties in Michigan give the Republicans 18,589 majority. Full returns, it is stated, will make it 25,000. The Republicans have carried the Legislature, which will probably prevent the return of Gen. Cass to the Senate.

Iowa.—Returns from eight counties in Iowa show slight Republican gains on the August election. Fremont has probably five to ten thousand majority.

Wisconsin.—The Republicans have carried the State by from five to ten thousand majority.

Missouri.—This State has gone for Buchanan, majority unknown. Fillmore has St. Louis by a thousand majority.

Delaware.—Majority for Buchanan over Fillmore 1,858. Republican vote 600. Democratic Legislature and Congressman elected. The question of the repeal of the anti-liquor (or Maine) law entered very largely into the contest. It will doubtless be speedily repealed.

Maryland.—Estimated returns give Buchanan 25,142, Fillmore 33,289—majority for Fillmore 8,147.

Virginia.—The majority for Buchanan over Fillmore, is estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000.

Kentucky.—Buchanan gains largely so far over the Democratic vote in the State election. Probably his majority over Fillmore is about 10,000. Fremont has 119 votes in Campbell county.

Tennessee.—Richmond, Va., Nov. 10.—It is reported by passengers arrived at Wytheville this morning from Knoxville, that Tennessee has gone for Buchanan by 3,000 majority. This statement is made on full returns from the Eastern counties.

North Carolina.—Raleigh, Nov. 8.—The Standard has received returns from 30 counties in this State, which shows that the gains for Buchanan and Fillmore are about even, as compared with the vote given in August last, when the Democrats carried the State by 12,000 majority.

South Carolina.—This State chooses its Electoral ticket by the Legislature. Electors in favor of Buchanan were unanimously chosen. The State we believe polls about 30,000 votes—of which probably from 20,000 to 25,000 are for Buchanan.

Georgia.—Augusta, Nov. 8.—The returns are now nearly all in. The Democratic majority will reach 17,000.

Alabama.—Augusta, Ga., Nov. 8.—Our advices from Alabama report large Democratic gains in almost every county. The majority is estimated at 20,000.

Mississippi.—Vicksburg, Nov. 9.—The result in this State is doubtful. This city gives Fillmore a majority of 236; Yazoo, 133; Jackson, 116; Warren, (reported,) 450; Amite, 53, and Woodville, 34. Louisville, in Winston Co., gives a Democratic majority of 59; Claiborne, 50, and Gallatin, 35. The vote in Adams Co. is doubtful. Other reports give the State to Buchanan by a large majority.

Florida.—Savannah, Nov. 8.—The returns from Florida are very incomplete, but indicate a majority of 1,000 for Buchanan.

Louisiana.—As we write, this State is uncertain. Fillmore's majority in five parishes foot up 8,500, or a gain of 3,450, as compared with the last Presidential election.

The majorities given above, are in many cases merely conjectural. Later returns, and especially the official ones, may reduce some and increase others.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—1852.

	Democrat. Franklin Pierce.	Whig. Winfield Scott.	F. Soil. John P. Hale.	Elect'l Vote. P.	S.
FREE STATES.					
California	40,585	35,798	180	4	—
Connecticut	33,249	30,359	8,289	6	—
Illinois	80,577	64,747	8,238	11	—
Indiana	95,530	80,201	8,644	13	—
Iowa	17,763	13,633	1,636	4	—
Maine	51,616	37,543	8,027	8	—
Massachusetts	44,278	52,933	28,018	—	13
Michigan	41,842	33,390	7,237	6	—
New Hampshire	29,371	15,149	5,022	—	5
New Jersey	46,511	33,351	236	7	—
New York	262,735	234,933	25,421	35	—
Ohio	170,160	152,858	31,794	23	—
Pennsylvania	198,568	179,182	8,328	27	—
Rhode Island	6,780	7,926	624	4	—
Vermont	13,044	28,173	8,621	—	5
Wisconsin	33,638	22,240	8,814	5	—
Total,	1,160,263	1,030,068	155,500	150	18
Pierce's plurality in free States				130,195	
Pierce's minority in free States				19,179	
SLAVE STATES.					
Alabama,	26,881	15,038	—	9	—
Arkansas,	12,173	7,469	—	4	—
Delaware,	6,318	6,294	62	3	—
Florida,	3,256	2,875	—	3	—
Georgia,	29,538	15,756	—	10	—
Kentucky,	53,161	57,282	255	—	12
Louisiana,	19,647	17,255	—	6	—
Maryland,	40,068	35,910	54	8	—
Mississippi,	26,846	17,546	—	7	—
Missouri,	32,671	29,932	—	9	—
North Carolina,	29,741	28,652	69	10	—
South Carolina,	1 Electors chosen by Legislature.			8	—
Tennessee,	57,125	50,683	—	12	—
Texas,	13,552	4,993	—	4	—
Virginia,	73,932	50,336	—	15	—
Total,	424,950	350,071	440	99	24
Pierce's majority in slave States				84,450	
Pierce's majority in the Union				65,269	

AGGREGATE VOTE.

Franklin Pierce	1,607,723
Winfield Scott	1,381,351
John P. Hale	155,940

POPULAR VOTE OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1824.

Years.	Democratic.	Whig.	Free Soil.	Scatt'ring.
1824	260,350	151,830	—	—
1828	648,335	507,788	—	—
1832	687,502	533,297	—	—
1836	765,360	737,528	—	—
1837	810,203	547,312	—	—
1840	956,919	1,086,342	—	—
1844	1,011,101	974,047	—	—
1848	1,128,276	1,224,107	7,969	—
1841	1,038,940	1,016,130	—	21,500
1842	1,124,733	1,021,765	21,591	15,424
1843	1,091,994	999,259	66,243	28,624
1844	1,337,469	1,295,542	62,259	—
1845	1,351,574	1,143,646	82,134	1,998
1846	1,305,422	1,147,779	—	79,477
1847	1,294,998	1,281,376	—	70,551
1848	1,224,284	1,360,752	290,342	—
1849	1,352,471	1,220,278	—	62,669
1850	1,180,813	1,105,240	—	69,795
1851	1,207,757	1,202,221	—	91,143
1852	1,607,723	1,386,934	155,940	—
1853	1,601,514	1,192,879	247,852	58,560
1854	1,119,712	1,271,760	418,361	344,548
1855	1,406,883	1,390,207	81,922	306,196

All of the above tables are exclusive of South Carolina, which elects her electoral ticket by the Legislature.

Four Days Later From Europe.—The Baltic arrived at New York on the 10th, with Liverpool dates to the 29th.

The feature of news which excited the most attention in England was an official paragraph in the Paris *Moniteur* complaining that the English press publishes calumnies against the French Government, and holding out the menace that a continuance of such conduct will break up the Anglo-French Alliance. This paragraph caused much excitement both in England and France, having even affected the Bourse. It is reported that the English Government will ask an explanation of this threat to dissolve the alliance.

The Credit Mobilier will probably be wound up, as in the present monetary pressure in France its functions cannot be continued without danger.

In relation to the Neapolitan difficulty, the only additional report is, that the French Embassy, and also probably the British, had left Naples on the 26th.

The English fleet is at Malta, and the French fleet at Toulon. The German papers say that the squadron will go to Naples in three weeks if matters are not settled.

A severe earthquake had taken place, which was felt throughout Egypt. Two hundred houses were demolished in Cairo. The city of Rhodes was in ruins. Some damage was also done in Smyrna. Fortunately but few lives were lost.

The earthquake also did great damage in Malta, Messina, Pozzalo, Syracuse, Catania, Candia, Cerigo, Gran Michel, and other places in the Mediterranean. Houses, churches and mills were reduced to ruins. Fifty lives are known to have been lost.

Several vessels and steamers in the Mediterranean felt the shock severely. On board many of the steamers the machinery was stopped.

The shocks extended from the 11th to the 16th of October. During the whole time Mount Etna was emitting dense volumes of smoke.

In various parts of Italy, also, the shocks were felt. At Brindisi the people put to sea in boats. At other places the people fled from their houses and encamped for many days in the fields. Another shock visited Naples on the night of October 10th, causing great consternation among the inhabitants.

Cotton was steady and unchanged. Breadstuffs quiet. Wheat (finer qualities) has improved 1d. Provisions quiet.

A False Religion Dying Out.—The Sikh religion was instituted to quicken and revivify the old and decaying forms of Hindooism, by infusing into it some of the life and vigor from military fanaticism. For a time its success was signal. Not many years ago the sect maintained a doubtful contest with British valor and discipline. Since the conquest of their country by the English, the life of the new faith seems fast expiring. They do not aim at perpetuating their system; members can only join them by initiation, and none are in future to be admitted, so that this formidable caste will soon be extinct.

For Nicaragua.—Four hundred and sixty-two men left New Orleans on the 27th ult., in the steamship Tennessee, to join General Walker in Nicaragua. They were under command of Captain James P. Coleman, of Vicksburg, and were accompanied by Col. J. A. Jaques, of New Orleans. The New Orleans Delta is informed that a still larger number will go out in the Tennessee, on the 20th inst., as companies are forming in Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas, to go by the earliest conveyance.

☞ Mr. Smith, of Danvers, has discontinued eating crabs, as he had eaten them so long that everything he undertook went backward. He had a brother who dug a well till he found he was *getting down in the world*, when he gave up the business and turned lamplighter. He then soon began to look up a little.

☞ Mistake Corrected.—The Montgomery Mail says it is untrue that the City Council has ordered the sprinkling carts to moisten the bed of the Alabama River.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Strike.—The factory operatives of Lewiston, Me., petitioned their employers for a reduction of the daily hours of labor from twelve to eleven, and the request being refused, a portion of them have left the mills.

The shipping of the world is estimated at 145,000 vessels, and the aggregate tonnage at 15,500,000, which is valued at the enormous sum of $775,000,000.

The Olden Time.—Henry the Eighth made a law that all men, except servants, might read the Scriptures; but no women, except ladies who had leisure to ask somebody the meaning. This law was repealed by Edward the Sixth.

Valuable Discovery.—The Navy Department is in receipt of despatches from Commander Swartwout, of the U. S. steamer Massachusetts, announcing the discovery of valuable coal, on the Straits of St. Juan de Fuca, three or four tons of which were dug out by Indians, and tested on board the Massachusetts.

Forcible Ejectment.—Last week, John Mitchell, of Chemung, N. Y., vomited up a lizard, which he supposed he had swallowed four years previously. On this occasion he had drunk a quantity of whiskey, and several large potations of milk, and it is supposed the lizard got drunk on milk punch, and was unable to resist the ejective process.

Coal.—As is generally known, is the produce of burned trees. It has been calculated that an acre of coal three feet thick is equal to the produce of 1,940 acres of forest. The first coal mines were worked in Belgium in the year 1168, and very soon after in England, where now five times as much coal as in any other country is raised. It is estimated that there are more than 4,000 square miles of coal yet to be cut out in Great Britain.

Decrease of Stock.—The Floyd (Va.) Intelligencer says there will be a great falling off in the resources of Southwestern Virginia, in consequence of her decrease in stock-driving. Notwithstanding a large number of cattle had passed down the valley, there is a falling off of from 16,000 to 20,000 from the amount driven last year, from Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia, the decrease being chiefly from the South.

The original Sabbath in England, in the year 950, commenced on Saturday at 3 P. M., and lasted till daybreak on Monday. In the reign of James I., 1600, a fine of one shilling was imposed by act of Parliament on every person absent from church on Sunday.

The Tehuantepec Transit.—The Mexican correspondent of the New Orleans (La.) Delta, states that 53 miles of the carriage road from Sachil towards the Pacific terminus, are now open and capable of use, although Garay has made vigorous effects to dislodge the New Orleans company who hold the route under the Sloo grant.

Slave Trade in Cuba.—It is estimated that not less than 14,000 negroes have been landed on the Island of Cuba during the last eight months.

The orange and lemon crop of Florida, it is said, will be very good this season.

A brilliant meteor was seen on Saturday night week in Springfield, Mass., which lighted up the town for the moment, like the sun, so that shadows were strongly cast. Its nucleus was red as fire, while its tail spread out dimmer and whiter.

Pennsylvanian Returned.—Dr. Henry L. Smyser, of York, Pa., who sailed from New York to Russia in April, 1855, and who spent a year or more in the service of the Czar as surgeon, has returned home.

Hogs and Pork.—Contracts for 50,000 hogs have been closed at Cincinnati, Ohio, at 6 and 6¼ cents net, for early delivery. Mess pork has been sold at $17 per barrel. Bacon shoulders are dull at 6¼ cents; clear sides at 7¼ cents, and bagged hams at 10 cents.

Long Line of Railway.—It is stated that with the exception of a few miles in Virginia, there is now a connected line of railroad all the way from Bangor, Me., on the Penobscot, to Montgomery, Ala., on the Alabama river; ere long the chain will be extended to New Orleans, La., thence to be carried westward till it reaches the shores of the Pacific.

Mormonism appears to be in bad odor in Jamaica, W. I. Some time since, a Mormon mission was sent there from the United States, but the missionaries were hissed and hooted from Kingston, and left in six days after their arrival.

Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Massachusetts, whose death was announced by telegraph, on Monday, was sent to South Carolina, by the State of Massachusetts, as an agent to secure the rights of colored seamen there, but was obliged to leave.

A Handsome Present.—William Jones, Jr., Esq., of Mobile, Alabama, has ordered a first class locomotive to be built for the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, which he intends presenting to the company. It will cost from ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars.

In Cincinnati, on Thursday week, a young man named Wm. Haughton was taken to a physician's office in a state of great suffering, caused by a spider's bite near the abdomen. The sufferings of Mr. H. continued to increase until late in the afternoon, when he died, apparently from the effects of the bite. The case has excited considerable attention in the medical profession, and the physicians of that city state that it is the only affair of the kind which has ever occurred within their knowledge.

Boston.—The assessors' valuation of Boston this year amounts to $248,000,000, or one hundred millions of dollars more than in 1849, which sum, it is stated, is more than the entire valuation of either Maine, New Hampshire, or Vermont.

The Selma (Ala.) Reporter says counterfeit $50 bills on the Bank of Tennessee are in circulation in that section.

Donation to the Old Ladies' Society.—Mrs. Tracy, of Newburyport, recently deceased, left in her will the sum of ten thousand dollars, the interest of which was to be given to an aged lady in Boston during her lifetime. At her decease, the funds are to be appropriated to the Society for the Relief of Aged Females. The Association will soon be enabled to erect a suitable home for the virtuous poor.

Two curious cases of intermarriage have occurred in Newton county, Ga. Mr. Stephen Daniel, aged fifty-six, married a daughter of N. Rogers, who was fifteen, and N. Rogers, aged sixty-two, married a daughter of Stephen Daniel, aged fourteen years. A correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch says—"Will you be so kind as to let us know the relationship of their offspring?"

An *agricultural* society having been established in Boston, is is proposed to establish a *marine* society in Worcester.

A Long Range.—Some soldiers who were firing a Minie rifle at a target at Magdeburg, at a distance of 1,000 paces, hit and mortally wounded a laborer at work 700 paces beyond. A sheep was accidentally killed in England with the Enfield rifle, from a distance of 2,500 yards.

Since 1836, the gross produce of the gold mines of North Carolina, as far as indicated by the mint returns, are $3,233,336, and of Georgia $5,685,064—total, $8,920,100; and the aggregate expense of maintaining them, $22,000 annually, or about $400,000 for the whole period.

An Appalling Fact.—The Irish census tables just published, report that, in one year, there were 21,775 deaths from starvation!

Cheap.—The 100,000 good shares of the Vermont Central Railroad, were sold, week before last, for $100, to a Vermont lawyer.

A locomotive was thrown from the track the other day in Maine, by coming in contact with a moose which weighed one thousand pounds.

The propagation at Lyons, whose object is to spread the Roman Catholic faith, spent last year $36,500 in England, $11,600 in Scotland, $13,500 in Ireland, besides $15,000 in British India, more than $30,000 in Canada, and between $15,000 and $20,000 in the British West Indies.

A Reverse.—A man was brought before the Police Court yesterday, on a charge of vagrancy, who ten years since was worth forty thousand dollars. He was allowed twelve hours to leave the city, or in the alternative, to serve twelve months in the house of correction.—*Boston Traveller.*

Great Yield of Wheat.—In Rockland county, Ill., one million bushels of wheat were harvested this year, and only one-third of the land in the county planted.

A spicy letter, purporting to be from Secretary Marcy to Gov. Grimes of Iowa, is declared by the Secretary of State a forgery.

Col. Benton is to lecture in Boston on "The Union."

According to the Churchman, Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, recently advised one of his presbyters not to come into his, the Bishop's, parish to speak at a Bible Society meeting, assigning as the reason, that he "did not desire to circulate the Word of God in any other way than through the agency of the Church."

Pork from Europe.—It is stated that the French Government has shipped to the United States twenty thousand barrels of prime Mess Pork, purchased in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the Crimean war. Being no longer wanted, it is sent back for a market.

A Chance, Indeed!—A talented but dissipated Englishman, who was recently picked from the gutter in Cincinnati, seeing an advertisement for a pastor in a country parish, brushed himself up, went and preached as a candidate, and although he had several competitors, carried the parish, and is now regularly "dispensing the bread of life."

The Pittsburg Journal calculates that the loss to the merchants and manufacturers, mechanics and mariners of that city, since June last, by the suspension of river navigation, has amounted to one and a half millions of dollars, and very pertinently inquires what might have been done with that much money if applied to the improvement of the Ohio.

Ben Hughes, of Halifax county, Virginia, charged with killing one of his negroes, was tried week before last, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

A golden wedding was observed at Albany, the 13th of October. Judge John Q. Wilson, aged seventy-six, and his wife, over seventy, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage in the midst of a deeply interested circle of children and childrens' children, and relatives and friends. Talk of other days—pensive, mingled with pleasant reflections—occupied the evening.

Important Decision.—It is stated that the Secretary of the Interior has decided against the ruling of the late Commissioner of Pensions making a discrimination between the volunteer and regular service. The soldiers of either service are, therefore, equally entitled to bounty land. A large number of claims that have been suspended, pending the decision of this question, will now be satisfied.

A Hard Sentence.—A boy, fourteen years of age, was recently arrested at Roxwall, England, for stealing an egg, valued at a half-penny, tried, convicted and sentenced to four days' hard labor and to be once whipped!

Small Notes in Tennessee.—In accordance with a law of the last Legislature, on and after September 1, 1856, the issuance or circulation of small notes of a less denomination than five dollars, by any Bank except the Bank of Tennessee, is made an indictable offence, punishable by a fine of not less than $500, nor more than $10,000.

Local News.

Homicide Case.—About ten minutes past eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th, a shocking scene occurred in front of Guy's

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

COASTING ALONG KAMTSCHATKA.

Some months since I published a letter entitled, "We reach Kamtschatka," and I now propose writing a series, of which this is the first, telling of what we saw and did while on that slightly known and little frequented coast. I commence where the letter alluded to ended.

That letter left the "old John" under sail alone, trying to hold her own against a head wind, almost a gale, and failing most beautifully in the attempt. We were rapidly losing much of our hardly gained progress, when the weather fortunately moderated, and we were enabled once more to close in with the beach and continue our survey. As we worked our toilsome way to the northward we found the low, flat land, along which we had heretofore been running, gradually changing its nature to that of bold and towering heights, that lifted their snow clad crests far into the foggy sky, and shoved their rocky bases well out into the sea in the shape of rugged promontories, whose frequent ravines were filled with melting snow, and dark, shapeless rocks, and whose ridges and sides were covered by a dense and luxuriant vegetation. It was singular to see the snows of the North, and the rank vegetation of the South, existing alongside of each other, where we had expected to find nothing but the former and a stunted growth of evergreens.

Every now and then we would pass a turbid stream that owed its periodical existence to the melting snows of the last winter, and we would generally see a wandering bear, or flock of geese or ducks near its mouth, when we would amuse ourselves by sending a Sharpe's rifle messenger, to notify them of our proximity, though the distance was always too great to enable us to fire with any precision.

As we thus ran along over that unknown ground with a good look-out, bad charts, and an active lead as our only pilots, we would often stop off the mouths of those rivers, or under the sheltering heights of those rugged promontories, to get astronomical observations; and upon these occasions our assistant Botanist would accompany the shore party, and generally return with some rare or previously unknown arctic plant, while the gunners of the party would often get highly excited over "fresh bear tracks," and probably bring back with them something more substantial, in the shape of a brace of finely flavored ducks, or some unfortunate goose.

The observations which were thus obtained invariably proved our best charts to be dangerously incorrect. Upon one occasion, I remember that we found the ship's position (on the chart) to be some distance inshore. This we regarded in the light of a most innocent shipwreck, and enjoyed it accordingly. It happened in this wise.

The regular meridian observation having been taken and laid down on the chart, we found that it put the ship some ten miles in the interior, while our eyes told us that the beach was nevertheless some distance off. Now as our chronometers ran beautifully, and as the observations had been made under favorable circumstances, we could only conclude that the chart was woefully out. When this took place, we were in lat. 58 deg., 49 min. N., and long. 158 deg., 43 min. E., the beach bearing from north-east to south-west of us, and distant about five miles. We subsequently experienced many similar shipwrecks, and upon one occasion found ourselves upon the side of an extinct volcano that was actually more than sixty miles from the sea. So much for the amount of reliance that can be placed upon the best charts of that region. Those which we then executed, and which will shortly be forthcoming from the able hands of Commodore John Rodgers of the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition, will consequently be of rare value to our whalers who frequent that coast, and annually lose one or more of their fleet, simply from *the want of good charts*.

As we thus made a running survey of those unknown regions, we took good care to obtain and preserve not only specimens from the hills and beach, but from the bottom of the sea also. We had two species of "patent leads" for this latter work, and they both acted admirably. One of them was intended for bringing up specimens of the bottom when the depth of water exceeded six or seven hundred fathoms, (half a mile or more,) and did actually once bring up a thimbleful of sand and mud from the enormous depth of six or seven thousand fathoms. The other was intended to be used in from one fathom to five hundred, and it often brought up a pint or more at a single haul. It was curious to wash out these specimens in a bucket of water, and hunt for shells and other "wonders of the deep" in mud and sand that had existed at the bottom of the ocean for centuries in their undisturbed seclusion.

It is also worthy of remark that both of these admirable inventions sprang from the brains of two of our own officers: the shoal water one having been made in Hong-Kong under the immediate direction of Commander Jno. Rodgers, our accomplished leader; while the "deep sea explorer" was got up by Passed Midshipman Acting Lieutenant Jno. M. Brooke, the able astronomer of the expedition, and who is even now trying to bring it before the notice of Congress.

In anticipation of these leads "working well," we had provided ourselves with several hundred dozen of small vials, in which everything worth preserving was stowed away, after which it was sealed up and labeled carefully for future examination. All that the geologist has to do, therefore, is to open those vials, examine their contents leisurely, and tell us with probable accuracy whether the spots from whence they were taken, ever existed above the sea, or whether the probability is in favor of the present general formation being coeval with the creation.

There was one remarkable fact which we noticed about the soundings along that entire coast; this was their remarkable regularity, without regard to the greater or less elevation of the land along which they were obtained. Generally speaking (as in the case of the northern and southern shores of the Mediterranean) soundings are found to vary with the nature of the land. That is, deep water is generally found off of bold headlands, and shoal water off of low ranges, but in this case we found only ten or twelve fathoms abreast of the highest points, which was no increase to what we had carried along extensive tracts of country whose greatest elevation was not probably more than fifteen or twenty feet.

These towering, precipitous, and black-looking points, presented a totally different appearance when you were abreast of them, from what they did when their sides only were exposed to the view. It seemed as if they were mountains of loose black rock, that had been lightly covered by a fertile soil, and then the end of them that projected into the sea, broken off and transported to "parts unknown," leaving their black-looking faces in striking contrast with their green sides and snow filled ravines. We found them occurring at intervals of several miles, invariably enclosing long strips of a shingle or sandy beach, from which the green, low land retreated into an undulating country which was itself backed by the blue mountains of the distant interior. These latter were generally either perfect or truncated cones, and combined with other unmistakable signs to establish the fact of previous volcanic action.

It was an interesting occupation to watch these changing scenes through our glasses, and as we watched them, as we admired the native grandeur of those towering promontories, the shining beaches darkened here and there by mountain torrents, flowing from the ravines of melting snow, the undulating country covered by its short-lived but rank vegetation, and the distant cones of heavenly blue, we could not but regret the prevalence of those arctic winters which for eight out of the twelve months covered such a beautiful region with one vast mantle of dazzling snow. This poetical state of mind, however, received a severe shock upon our first landing, through the instrumentality of thousands of swarms of the gallinipper breed of mosquito, who, regarding us in the light of most welcome visitors, soon succeeded in stinging us into a far different mood of feeling. These attentions of theirs, brought most vividly before my slumbering memory, the assertion of a long unseen messmate, to the effect that "the mosquito, though a small insect, had often been known to move a man weighing over two hundred"—and farther caused us to return on board with good appetites, the result of the unlooked-for exercise which we had been forced to indulge in in sheer self-defence.

We not only saw mountains and green grass as we thus cruised along, but would often fall in with one or more wandering whale ships, sometimes homeward bound with full cargoes, sometimes hove-to under reduced sail, while their boats were chasing a whale, and at other times riding to their uneasy anchors off some rocky shore, while engaged in "trying out" the oil of some captured monster, whose huge carcass, after being deprived of its blubber, would be cut adrift from the ship's side, and allowed to float unheeded before the wind and sea, while another of his ill-fated companions who had all along been moored securely astern would then be hauled up to undergo a like "stripping."

We would generally heave-to or anchor near all such vessels, and communicate with them in the hope of getting information in regard to a reported coal strata that we were in search of, or to give them tracings of our surveys, and were more than once amused at their peculiar mode of navigating. Upon asking one of their captains "how he found the charts?" he replied in an indifferent, don't-care sort of way—"Oh, pretty fair, I don't find anything much out;" and upon our telling him of some of our previously mentioned "innocent shipwrecks," he expressed great surprise, and *guessed* that he'd "better be taking another observation soon;" and upon being pressed a little farther on the same subject, he candidly acknowledged that he had not used his chronometer for a month, having been too busy with whales to pay any attention to the position of his ship. At that we ceased to wonder over the loss of so many whalers; our only wonder was that so many ever reached home in safety.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

[The following is a transcript from an old ballad, published in the year 1569—nearly three hundred years agone.]

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste!
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

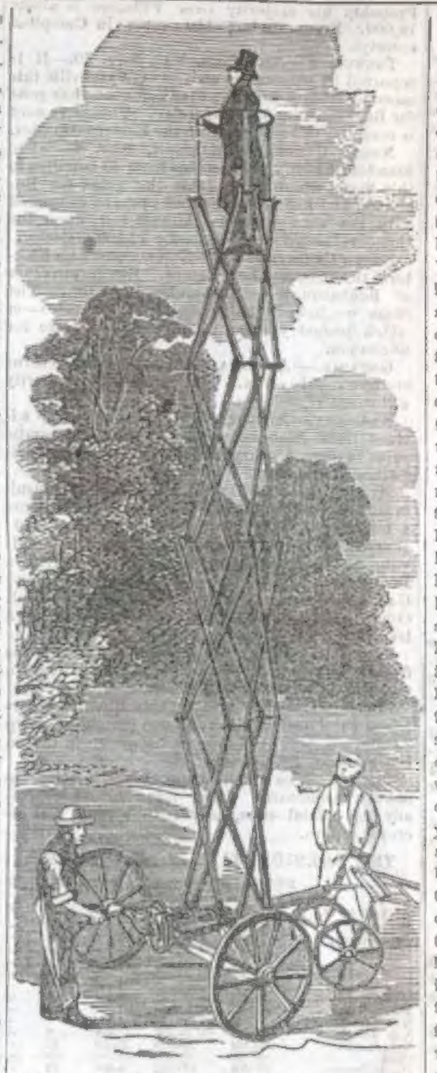
If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true on touch;
Love me little, less than such,
For I fear the end;
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever,
Give me that with true endeaver,
I will it restore;
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers that for me,
For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.
Love me little, love me long, &c.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel;
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Then must give or woo in vain;
So to thee farewell.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE NATURE OF LOVE.—The imperishable, inexhaustible, unapproachable nature of love is shown in this—that all the millions of stupid love stories that have been written have not one whit abated the immortal interest that there is in the rudest and stupidest love story. All the rest of the wretched thing may be the most dismal twaddle, but you can't help feeling a little interest, when you have once taken up the book, as to whether Arabella will ultimately relent in favor of Augustus; and whether that wicked creature, man or woman, who is keeping them apart, will not soon be disposed of, somehow. And yet, having had some experience in law—in divorce cases, for instance—I have all the time shrewd suspicions that Augustus and Arabella may not hit it off so very successfully when there is no wicked creature to prevent their being "happy ever afterwards!" Still, while I am reading the novel, how I hate the wicked mischief-maker. In earnest—is it not grand to see the indestructible nature of love? Write so foolishly about anything else, and see what will happen. Try it upon theology, and see if twilight does not soon deepen into absolute darkness.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

DISREGARD OF DEATH.—It is curious to watch, as I have done, the utter contempt of death with which the Turkish soldier marches to meet the foe; he knows that his destiny has been fixed since the day of his birth; he knows that he *must* die whenever his time comes, and that a whole park of artillery would miss him, if his destiny so decrees it; finally, he knows that if he fall in battle, he will go straightway to Paradise—and won't he be better off there than in this world of cares? The same feeling, indeed, predominates with the Turks whenever the approach of death is felt. I have seen them dying here in the hospitals, and the calmness of their demeanor would shame many a Christian; let them once be persuaded that they are booked for another world, and the surgeon may lock up his medicaments again—no persuasion will induce the Turk to attempt to frustrate the designs of Providence.—*Correspondent.*



THE PATENT ELEVATOR AND OBSERVATORY.

During the siege of Sebastopol, a good deal of natural anxiety was felt to obtain a view of the interior of the enemy's works, and several plans to this effect was suggested, none of which were feasible. Two or three months before the town yielded to the Allied armies, Mr. Stocqueler, the military writer, conceived that a machine constructed upon the principle of the "lazy tongs," with a vertical action, might be made available for carrying a person up a considerable height, and at a safe distance, so as to afford a perfect view of the interior of the fortifications. He communicated his idea to Mr. W. B. Saunders; and the father of that gentleman, Mr. W. Saunders, formerly of Jersey, a remarkably ingenious person, hit upon the expedient of applying the "lazy tongs" principle in the manner shown in the accompanying engraving. It will be observed that a series of tiers of expanding laths, each lath six feet in length, worked by a wheel acting on a spindle, rises from the three sides of a triangle base, carrying up an individual, secured by a circular railing, to a height of fifty, or even one hundred feet, according to the dimensions of the base. A model of the machine having been shown to Lord Panmure, that nobleman, after taking the opinion of scientific officers, encouraged Messrs. Stocqueler and Saunders to construct a machine, properly reserving his undertaking to become a purchaser on behalf of the Government until the promise of the model should be realized in the elevator itself. No time was lost by the projectors in commencing the construction of the machine. Several difficulties and obstacles presented themselves, but they were all surmounted by the energy of Mr. Saunders and the skill of Mr. Burley, the engineer—not, however, until Sebastopol had fallen. In the meanwhile, Messrs. Stocqueler and Saunders patented their invention in England, France, Belgium, &c.; and it is now offered to the public for the various purposes to which it is applicable. Its utility in superseding scaffolding to a great degree is obvious. For cleaning the inside of the roofs of churches, chapels, halls, and museums; painting and repairing the fronts of houses; assisting firemen to direct the jets of water upon burning houses; facilitating reconnoissances and observations; rendering ladders and climbing unnecessary in gathering fruit, lopping the branches of tall trees, and watering conservatories; painting and caulking the sides of ships—in fact, for all purposes in which a certain elevation, without the expense and incumbrance of scaffolding, is requisite, this invention will prove of much value.

AUTUMN NOVELTIES IN HEAD-DRESSES.—The endless variety of shapes that ribbons, beads, and flowers may be made to assume, might well baffle the calculations of a statistician! Though sounding the same to the ear, yet what an individuality there is in each assemblage of these same materials. These remarks were forced upon us on examining a new selection of head-dresses at Claremont House—especially the *Self-adjusting head-dresses*, which completely justify their name, by-the-bye, as any lady, without the help of either hair-dresser or maid, can put them on with the same ease as she would a cap, and instantly impart a dressy appearance to her toilet. The *Piccolomini* head-dress is composed of flowers and ribbons, and has a youthful appearance; the *Ristori* head-dress displays velvet ribbons and beads, tastefully intermixed, and is suitable for a young matron; while the *Pomona* head-dress would set off the still handsome mother of grown daughters to great advantage. But we must not overlook the *Seville nets*, which we think are destined to become even more lasting favorites than the above, from their durable nature and extreme convenience. These consist in beads fastened to a crochet net, and are in black as well as a variety of colors. The black amalgamate nicely with dark hair, while the colored ones look, of course, more dressy. A lady in the habit of wearing caps would find the *Seville net* a very agreeable substitute. In the first place, it requires neither washing nor making up again; secondly, it may be carried in the smallest basket, when its fair owner is going to spend the day with a friend; and thirdly, and most important of all, it is infinitely more becoming than any cap in the world, and more youthful looking. One word before we have done, in favor of a pretty little ornament called a *coronet*, consisting of a roll of velvet ornamented with beads, which to those ladies who have not a sufficient abundance of hair to furnish the twist that is often carried across the top of the head, would be found a pretty substitute. Those of light blue velvet would suit a blonde, while to the brunette we would recommend ponceau as more effective. We may add that all the requisites for the work-table—Berlin wool, crochet, &c., &c.—are to be found in abundance at the above-named establishment, where we have seen collars of Irish point, which might pass muster for point lace with even deeper connoisseurs than we pretend to be.—*Eng. Journal.*

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.

There is an angel in the house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressed the circumstance, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child, or it may be enclosed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps towards heaven, if only bravely overcome, and mounted with sinless feet. We know such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side, wherever she moved, she only saw misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall. Her father was brutal, and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an almost saintly patience the infirmities of him who gave her existence, and then hourly embittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, shawelless, and bonnetless, has she been to the den of the drunkard, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand, when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the old curbstone with his head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger, when the money which should have bought bread was spent in gin. And the patience that the angel wrought with made her face shine; so that, though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits; and the crown of martyrdom lay ready waiting for her young brow. And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish—anguish brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognise the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of its dishonor. From her humble grave he went away to steep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day how the memory of her much-enduring life keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands have led him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child. Search for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.—*The British Workman.*

A CURIOUS JEWISH LEGEND.—Titus passed through what had been Jerusalem after its destruction. It is said that the sight of the ruins filled with sorrow and awe the conqueror, in whose character, according to the statement of contemporaries, good and evil strangely alternated. A Jewish legend has embellished this circumstance by describing in the most fabulous terms certain tortures which Titus had to endure in punishment for the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple. On his voyage from Egypt to Italy, (so goes the story,) Titus was overtaken by a storm, which threatened to destroy the vessel that bore him. Conscious of the righteous anger of the God of Israel whom he had offended, Titus broke forth in blasphemies against him, as if his power were limited to the sea; in which he had once destroyed Pharaoh, and now threatened his own safety, while he was unable successfully to contend against him upon land. A voice from on high rebuked the blasphemy. The storm was hushed; but no sooner had Titus landed than he felt excruciating pains in his head, occasioned, as it afterwards turned out, by an insect gnawing on his brain, which, according to the Divine threatening, was to continue his tormentor through life. Only once, and for a short time, the noise from a blacksmith's shop caused the insect to desist. On his deathbed, Titus ordered the physicians, after his decease to open his skull, in order to ascertain the occasion of this ceaseless agony. To their astonishment they discovered it in an animal, which had grown to the size of a swallow, two talents in weight, with metal bill and claws, which had gnawed at the emperor's brain.

THE PECULIARITIES OF REGIMENTS.—The 57th Regiment, from its courage at Albuera, earned the name of "Die Hards." The 9th were called in the Peninsular "The Holy Boys," from a sale of Bibles which they held. The Duke of Athol's Highlanders carry the significant motto: "Forth, forth, and fill the fetter!" (in Gaelic.) The 28th (North Gloucester) is the regiment who wear the plate in front and at the back of their shako. In Egypt, this corps, drawn up two deep, were charged in front and rear by the French cavalry; and the Colonel of the gallant 28th gave the word: "Rear rank, right about face! fire a volley!" which sent the enemy flying. Upon the Queen's birthday, inspection and other gala days, the 22d wear in their caps a sprig of oak, and a branch of the same is tied on their colors. The tradition in the corps is, that in the retreat after the battle of Dettingen, George II. was rescued from imminent danger by a company of the regiment. In the 23d Royal Welsh Fusileers the officers wear a black silk bag with three tails at the back of their coats. This is still the custom of the corps, and is derived from some sort of wig. The plumes of the 5th Fusiliers are tipped with red, and they are called the "Bloody Fifth;" this sobriquet was given in consequence of the men dipping their worsted plumes in the enemy's blood at one of the Peninsular battles. The 60th are very proud of their facings, which are the true Lincoln green in color, and they are called the "Springers." When, at the battle of New Orleans, a regiment considered themselves to be ill-supported, the men exclaimed, "this would not have been if the Springers had been here with us!"—*English Paper.*

NEW YORK FASHIONS.—The "opening fashion day" at New York, which has just come off, appears to have been a great one for the ladies. The description of their fashions is given at immense length in the Journals. A New York contemporary says: "Broadway was in a state of blockade, for every lady wore a hoop, and it was impossible for any one ignorant of the mysteries of those 'vicious circles' to edge his or her way through them. In fact, the ladies now resemble Mrs. Blimber, and 'it is quite an excursion to walk round them.' Speaking of hoops, nothing proves more conclusively the omnipotence of fashion than the alacrity with which all classes, from the lady to the kitchen maid, adopted this most ungraceful style—this worn-out folly of a departed century. Where now are the flowing lines, the softening folds, the wavy undulating grace, the ease and pliability of motion, that constituted our old-fashioned ideas of grace and beauty? Where are the

"Waves deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat?

"The dress of a fashionable lady now has about as much mobility as that of a wooden image. If that is grace then we have attained the perfection of it."

A SEARCH BOOK.—A SCENE IN THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—The Astor Library is an institution of which any city or country might well be proud. Its vast size, its immense collection of volumes; the imposing appearance, internally and externally, of the edifice itself; the stillness that prevails within, *illustrated* only by the turning of leaves, or the subdued voice of a visitor explaining what he desires; all these will strike the visitor most impressively.

Stepping into a restaurant recently, to take "a half dozen roasted in the shell," we overheard a dialogue, touching the Astor Library, which made us laugh half the night, and yet we doubt whether the reader will appreciate it; and yet we are sure he would if he had *heard* it as we did.

One of the speakers was from the country—a dry-goods' merchant; the other a metropolitan, who first spoke:

"Been *about* much, since you've been in town?"

"Yes—considerable."

"Where have you been?"

"Well, I went to hear Burton—funny dog, he is!—went to the Opery—didn't understand it—went to the Bowery—saw three men and one woman killed in five minutes, and saw 'em all, every one of 'em, again, in the next piece, alive and kicking."

"You used to be fond of reading. Been in to any of our libraries—the Society, Mercantile, or the Astor?"

"Yes, all on 'em; but the Astor took *me* down. First place it's a tremendous structer."

"It is; it is one of the most chaste and beautiful buildings in our whole city."

"Yes—that's so. And *what* a lot of books! *Gosh!*"

"Did you examine any of 'em?"

"No—not much. Fact is, I was kind of *'fraid*—everything was so still and solemn. Just afore I come away, a young man—smart as a steel-trap—come up to me and asked:

"'Kin I help you to any book which you wish to consultuate?'

"He had a book in his hand at the time, with a boy a-hold of the other end of it—full of pictures. It was wrote by a man named Humboldt, Humbug, or some such French name.

"I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what I *did* want; but I finally said:

"'Got the Life of General Tom Thumb? a very *leetle* book, wrote by a man which his name was Sherman, who was Barnum's showman when he went all over Ew-rop!'

"He spread out his big book fust, and then looked at me, very quizzical, and says he,

"'No, sir, we have not got *that* book, but we have 'most everything else.'

"I told him I didn't want nothin' else at that time, and so I come away.

"What it was that made 'em snicker, I don't know; but one man, with a big horn-button screwed into his eye, dropped it by a string tied to his trowsis, and laughed; and an old bald-headed man, he grinned; and a little dandy, who was sucking the end of a yaller stick, with yaller gloves, he squeaked out a laugh; and all 'cause I asked for a little book in a big Library.

"But I didn't care—what did *I* care?"

SYDNEY SMITH'S GENEROSITY.—A perquisite of the Chapter of St. Paul's, the living of Edmonton, worth seven hundred pounds a year, fell to his share, on the death of his associate, Mr. Tate. According to the usage in such matters, it was expected that he would turn the emolument to his own advantage. He generously conferred the whole on the son of the late incumbent. The incident is so characteristically narrated by him, in a letter addressed to his wife, that it would be injustice to the reader not to present the scene in his own words:—"I went over, yesterday, to the Tates, at Edmonton. The family consists of three delicate daughters, an aunt, the old lady, and her son, then curate of Edmonton. The old lady was in bed. I found there a physician, an old friend of Tate's, attending them from friendship, who had come from London for that purpose. They were in daily expectation of being turned out from house and curacy. I began by inquiring the character of their servant; then turned the conversation upon their own affairs, and expressed a hope the Chapter might ultimately do something for them. I then said, 'It is my duty to state to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living of Edmonton, and have written to our Chapter clerk this morning, to mention the person to whom I have given it; and I must also tell you, that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very sad coincidence,' I added, 'that the gentleman I have selected is a namesake of this family; his name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name?' 'No, we have not.' 'And by a more singular coincidence, his name is Thos. Tate; in short,' I added, 'there is no use in mincing the matter—you are vicar of Edmonton.' They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears, and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose, and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently."

THE AUTHORS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—If (writes De Tocqueville), the French who effected the Revolution were more incredulous than those of the present day in matters of religion, at least they had one admirable faith which the present generation has not. They had faith in themselves. They never doubted of the perfectibility and power of man: they were burning with enthusiasm for his glory: they believed in his worth. They placed that proud confidence in their own strength which so often leads to error, but without which a people is only capable of servitude: they never doubted of their call to transform the face of society and regenerate the human race. These sentiments and passions became like a sort of new religion to them, as it produced some those great effects which religions produce, kept them from individual selfishness, urged them on even to self-sacrifice and heroism, and frequently rendered them insensible to all those petty objects which possess the men of the present day.

A LETTER WRITTEN IN ENGLISH BY NAPOLEON I.—In the collection of Count Las Cases, at Paris, there is preserved a curious document—an attempt, the first, perhaps the only one, of Napoleon Bonaparte to write in English. The sense of this extraordinary epistle is not quite clear, but the words, as well as they can be deciphered, are as follows:—"Count Las Cases—since sixt week I learn the English and I do not any progress. six week do fourty and two day if might have learn fivty word for day I could known it two thousands and two hundred. it is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand ever he could must twenty bout much oftenn for know it ov hundred and twenty week which do more two years, after this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labour, who it must do in the young aged. Lorwood (Longwood) this morning the seven March thursday, one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity the year Jesus Christ."

SUPERSTITION RESPECTING HUMAN HAIR.—Among the English peasantry it is considered very unlucky to leave lying about, or to throw away any, even the smallest scrap of human hair. I have often noticed the careful anxiety of countrywomen in picking up and consuming "each particular hair," and even sweeping up the place where the hair had fallen or been cut, and scrupulously burning the sweepings in the fire. The only explanation they would give of this unusual care was, that if left about, the birds would build their nests with the hair—a fatal thing for him or her from whose head it had fallen; and that if a "pyet" (Anglice magpie) got hold of it for any such purpose—by no means an unlikely circumstance, considering the thievish propensities of the bird—the person's death, within "year and day," was sure. The solemn looks and head shakings accompanying these explanations, convinced me that the speakers were in earnest. This appears to be a fragment of very ancient "lore," and I am desirous of knowing if it is to be found "alive" at the present day in other localities. In La Motte Fouque's romance of "Sintram," a lock of the hero's hair, cut off with his dagger, and thrown by the dwarf afloat over the sea, causes the violent storm by which Folko and his wife are detained at the castle of Biorn. I presume from Fouque's employment of this incantation in his romance, that some such superstition did actually exist in Norway at one time. That referred to as existing here may possibly derive its existence from the old Norse one in a changed form.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE ACTION OF LIGHT UPON THE GROWTH OF THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.—The action of light upon the growth of the leaves and stems of plants, and the attraction of the leaves towards it, is well known. That flowers, leaves, and stem turn to the light is seen by any who keep plants in a window. The action of light, however, upon the roots is less known, although it is an equally important subject. Hitherto, the tendency of the roots to grow downwards has been attributed to the influence of gravitation, the attraction of the ground from which the roots derive their nourishment; but light produces a still greater influence. The roots shun the light in the same proportion as the stems seek it. Experiments have proved this most satisfactorily. A deep box was taken, thoroughly impervious to light, and upon a wire grating at the upper end of the inside, peas and cress-seed were sown in wet moss. At the lower end of the box a small hole was made, through which the sun-light was thrown by means of a reflector placed underneath. As the seeds began to vegetate, the roots grew upwards, and the leaves downwards, towards the light.

Useful Receipts.

MUFFINS.—Add a pint and a half of good ale yeast (from pale malt, if possible) to a bushel of the very best white flour; let the yeast lie all night in water, then pour off the water quite clear; make two gallons of water just milk-warm, and mix your water, yeast, and two ounces of salt well together for about a quarter of an hour. Strain the whole, and mix up your dough as light as possible, letting it lie in the trough an hour, to rise; next roll it with your hand, pulling it into little pieces about the size of a large walnut. These must be rolled out thin with a rolling-pin, in a good deal of flour, and if covered immediately with a piece of flannel, they will rise to a proper thickness; but if too large or small, dough must be added accordingly, or taken away; meanwhile the dough must be also covered with flannel. Next begin baking; and when laid on the iron, watch carefully, and when one side changes color, turn the other, taking care that they do not burn or become discolored. Be careful also that the iron does not get too hot. In order to bake the muffins properly, you ought to have a place built as if a copper was to be set; but instead of copper, a piece of iron must be put over the top, fixed in form like the bottom of an iron pot, underneath which a coal fire is kindled when required. Toast the muffins crisp on both sides, with a fork; pull them open with your hand, and they will be like a honeycomb; lay in as much butter as you intend, then clap them together, and set by the fire; turn them once, that both sides may be buttered alike. When quite done, cut them across with a knife; but if you use a knife either to spread or divide them, they will be heavy as lead. Some kind of flour will soak up more water than another; when this occurs, add water; or if too moist, add flour; for the dough must be as light as possible.

TO IGNITE DAMP MATCHES.—A damp match will light readily by first holding it to the arm or other warm part of the body for a few seconds, until it attracts a small amount of heat, then rubbing it gently on woollen cloth of close texture, such as doe-skin, or what is commonly used for pantaloons. It will ignite if the composition is almost as soft as putty; woollen cloth is the best to use in that case, as it causes little friction, and is a good non-conductor of heat.

BLACK REVIVER FOR SEEDY COATS AND OLD HATS.—Bruised nutgalls, one pound; logwood, one pound; water, five quarts. Boil down to four quarts, and add, sulphate of iron, four ounces; dissolve and strain. When cold, add eight ounces of ox-gall. After the material is well brushed, moisten it with the Reviver, and when dry again use the brush.

HOW TO CLEAN FURS.—The season for wearing furs is rapidly approaching, and as doubtless many of our lady readers would be obliged to us for teaching them to "make them as good as new," we subjoin the following directions: Strip the fur articles of their stuffing and binding, and lay them as much as possible in a flat position. They must then be subjected to a very brisk brushing with a stiff clothes-brush; after this, any moth-eaten parts must be cut out and be neatly replaced by new bits of fur to match. Sable, chinchilla, squirrel, fitch, &c., should be treated as follows: Warm a quantity of new bran in a pan, taking care that it does not burn, to prevent which it must be actively stirred. When well warmed, rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand; repeat this two or three times; then shake the fir, and give it another sharp brushing, until free from dust. White furs, ermine, &c., may be cleaned as follows: Lay the fur on the table, and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water; rub until quite dry, and afterwards with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel, and the dry with a piece of book-muslin. The light furs, in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia, or a piece of book-muslin, after the bran process. Furs are usually much improved by stretching, which may be managed as follows: To a pint of soft water add three ounces of salt, dissolved; with this solution sponge the inside of the skin (taking care not to wet the fur) until it becomes thoroughly saturated; then lay it carefully on a board, with the fur side downward, in its natural position, then stretch as much as it will bear, and to the required shape, and fasten with small tacks. The drying may be quickened by placing the skin about six or eight inches from the fire or stove.

THE LITTLE WIFE.

Frown not, my love! ah, let me chase
Away the shade of care that lies
To-night so darkly on your face,
And mist-like o'er your inmost eyes.
Ah, let me try the winning ways
You said were mine—the angel art
To pour at once ten thousand rays
Of dancing sunlight on your heart!
My love, my life!
Your little wife
Must bid these gloomy thoughts depart.

When love was young and hopes were bright,
I thought in all that dream of bliss
That clouds might come like these to-night,
And hours of sorrow such as this.
And then I said my task shall be
To soothe his heart so fond and true,
And he who loves me thus shall see
How much his little wife can do.
My heart, my life!
Your little wife
Must bid you dream that dream anew.

Then let me lift those locks that fall
So darkly o'er your lofty brow,
And smooth, with fingers soft and small,
The veins that swell your temples now.
How oft, when ached your weary head
From manly care or thought divine,
You've held me to your heart and said
You wanted love so deep as mine!
My own, my life!
Your little wife,
That love is all her life's design.

And here it is—a love as wild
As e'er defied the world's control;
The fondness of a tearful child,
The passion of a woman's soul,
All mingled in my breast for thee
In one hot tide—I cannot speak;
But feel my throbbing heart, and see
Its brightness in my burning cheek—
My love, my life!
Your little wife
Should cheer you, or her heart would break!

Ah! now the breast I found so cold,
Grows warm within my close embrace,
And smiles as sweet as those of old,
Are stealing softly o'er your face;
And far within your bright'ning eyes
My image, true and clear, I see;
Each shade of care and sorrow flies,
And leaves your heart again to me—
My love, my life!
Your little wife
Its only queen must ever be.

LODGINGS TO LET.

An Episode of the French Exhibition.

Last year, during the Exposition, Paris was visited by the same mania for lodging-letting which ravaged London in 1851, during the Great Exhibition. From the middle of April, hanging up to the doors of the houses in the fashionable and central neighborhoods of the French capital, might be seen bills with "Joli appartement meuble a louer presentement;" and many a family, many a widow, many a bachelor or widower, migrated to some distant outskirt, giving up their apartments to strangers or foreigners, in consideration of receiving some thousand francs, while they themselves nestled down, during the great influx, in some humble locality, within or without the walls. In letting, there was no distinction of nation made: the terms were the same for one and all; for the native compatriot, as well as the Milord Anglais; for the German baron, as well as the Russian boyard, the Polish count, the dollar-laden American; for everybody, in short, who could pay: that was the one condition.

Madame de Y——, a young and handsome widow of five-and-twenty, who, on the 1st of April in that memorable year, had thrown off her weeds, resigned herself, among the rest, to the reigning epidemic. One morning she rang for *concierge*, or lodge-keeper, of the house in which she resided, in the Chaussee d'Antin, and ordered him to nail up at the porte-cochere the universal bill, "Joli appartement meuble a louer presentement."

"Bonte de ma vie, what running up and down I shall have of it!" exclaimed, *in petto voce*, with a piteous shrug, the seemingly disconsolate porter, but who inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance, for he also hoped to reap a golden harvest from the new comers.

"N'importe, Andre," continued the charming young widow; "n'importe: let my apartment for 3,000 francs, *mille ecus*, and you shall have your commission of—*voyons*—five per cent., if to a bachelor or widower; four per cent., if to a married couple, *sans enfants*—that is, without any infantine incumbrances; and three per cent., if to a family, *entendez-vous*; and here are five francs as a *pour boire*, to drink my health."

"Alas! alas!" groaned the porte-cochere Cerberus, as he pocketed the silver piece, and promised, in a tone of melancholy devotedness, to do his best (*faire de son mieux.*) That evening, the widow, accompanied by he *femme de chambre*, or, in the phraseology of the day, her *chambriere*, took up her quarters in a small cottage near the village of Fontenay-aux-Roses, outside the Barriere d'Enfer, and contiguous to the pretty Bois de Meudon, where she rusticated in the full enjoyment of her independent widowhood till the expiration of the term.

On the second of August following, Madame de Y—— returned to Paris, and drove to her residence, believing that her apartment, which had been let by the concierge, was vacated and ready for her.

"Madame," said Andre, "the gentleman has not yet gone."

"What gentleman, Andre?"

"The lodger, madame, Monsieur de R——, a provincial gentleman, very *comme il faut*. Yet it is not my fault, for I informed him, three days ago, that his time was up, and that he must go; but he said to me it was all right; it was his affair, and he would square all matters with madame."

"Go and inform him, Andre, that I have returned, and want my apartments immediately."

"Useless, madame—completely useless; he's as headstrong as a donkey; he wouldn't listen to me; 'tis with you alone he wishes to confer."

"Be it so, Andre; go before, and announce me."

Madame de Y—— was received most graciously and politely by the provincial *locataire*, who thus addressed her—

"You cannot conceive, madame, how comfortable I find myself in this your pretty apartment, and how much I desire to spend in it the remaining time I have to stay in your charming capital, and I fondly hope you will have the goodness to allow me so to do; whatever be your terms, I accept them before hand."

To this the widow replied, somewhat surprised, that she had no terms to propose; that she wanted her apartment, and must have it. But greater still was her surprise when she heard the provincial declare his determination to keep it, even if it was necessary to stand a regular siege. Madame de Y—— endeavored, as gently as possible, to make him understand the impropriety of his conduct; but all to no avail, for the locataire pleaded his cause with grace, eloquence, and wit. The debate became warmer and warmer, the gentleman losing, and the lady gaining no ground, *while Andre slipped away to his lodge, informing his better-half that "cela chauffe la haut"—the storm is gathering above.* At last, after much speechifying on both sides, the gentleman, breaking a pause of apparently deep reflection, spoke again—

"Well, madame," said he, "there remains but one way to arrange our little dispute, so as to enable you to resume possession of your delightful residence, without ousting me from it."

"What is your meaning, sir?" demanded the bewildered young widow, looking still more charming in her amazement.

"My meaning is this, madame: my name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B——. I belong to an old and honorable family—am a bachelor, and two-and thirty years of age. My estates are worth fifty thousand francs a year; but this I mention merely out of respect to the laws of business; and despite the originality and queerness of my conduct, which may perhaps have offended you, I am considered a very good-natured person; and, upon the whole, I flatter myself I am a man fully capable of making a lady happy. Will you, therefore, do me the honor of accepting my heart, my hand, and my fortune?"

To this sudden proposal, Madame de Y—— replied with dignity: "Your jest is not in very good taste, sir, and all I can do is to laugh at it."

"Serious, most serious, madame, I am indeed—and, *foi de gentilhomme*, I beg you to believe it."

"What, sir! you propose marriage merely that you may not have to give up my apartment?"

"A little upon that account, madame, but still more because of a more overpowering reason; for among the many considerations I have had the honor of laying before you, there is one I dared not mention, but allow me now to confess it—I love you."

At this avowal, Madame de Y—— blushed to the eyes—what lady, young or old, would not have done so, particularly when the avowal came from a young, handsome, and wealthy man? However, she took it in good part, and laughed outright at her interlocutor.

"You are laughing, madame, and however—"

"Your folly provokes my laughter, Monsieur le Baron; I really cannot help it."

"Nevertheless, madame, I can assure you I am fully master of my reason, or at least of as much of it as remains, subdued as it is by intense passion."

"What, sir! intense passion at first sight!"

"You forget, madame, that I have now been living three long months in your apartment, and that your portrait, which I now see is an adorable likeness, is hanging up there in the next room. It was the first object which caught my attention on entering, and I have looked at and admired it every day since. Nor was I captivated by the charms of your beauty alone, for I am well acquainted with your merit in every way, your many superior qualities, and your irreproachable character. A man, however so little versed he may be in womanly affairs, cannot spend three months in a lady's apartment without noticing and studying many things disclosing her habits, her tastes, her feelings. I have been an acute, and perhaps an indiscreet observer, madame, and what I have discovered, has captivated my heart forever: that heart I offer you again, and humbly wait your answer to know my fate."

There was no bombast, no fanfaronade in the baron's language; it was the resolve of a man who had made up his mind, and was determined to succeed. But the more he urged his suit, the less he advanced in it; till at last the widow signified to him, in due form and unmistakable phraseology, that he must instantly shift his quarters—thus giving him his leave, and intimating to him at the same time that he must never think of setting foot in her residence again.

"Very well, madame, I withdraw, and will not return till you invite me to do so;" the answer to which parting words was a saucy smile, and a toss of the head which evidently meant, "You have long to wait, Monsieur le Baron, before receiving such an invitation."

However, at the end of a few days, the invitation *was* sent, and the baron arrived just as the widow had completed making herself more charming than ever.

"What have I been apprised of, sir?" said Madame de Y—— to him as he seated himself in an arm-chair *a la Voltaire* right opposite to her. "During my absence, you brought my long-pending lawsuit to an amicable arrangement."

"Why, yes, madame; but you must be neither pleased nor displeased with me on that account, as I acted only in my own interest."

"How so, if you please, baron?"

"The fact is, the lawyers' clerks were calling here with their papers every day; and, owing to a heavy and protracted suit I once had myself, I have an utter aversion to every 'limb of the law,' as our allies, Messieurs les Anglais, have it. Being acquainted with your plaintiff, who is a debtor of mine, I made use of my influence over him, and soon got him to forego his unfounded claim; and he made over to me what he called his rights. It is therefore an affair between him and me. But rest assured, madame, that your delicacy and susceptibility shall never have to complain of my proceedings. Your lawsuit is forever quashed, and *viola tout!*" Whereon the baron looked the widow steadfastly but respectfully in the face, and gave no further explanation.

Madame de Y—— was somewhat confused; but in spite of herself, *bon gre, mal gre*, she was continually forced to think of her ex-locataire. In every room of her apartment he had left some souvenir of his sojourn—poetry, penciling, songs, music composed by himself, thoughts and maxims, &c., written in her albums and scrap-books. All these gallant *procedes* and *attentions delicates* seemed most charming to her, while they piqued her curiosity; and when that important part of the female constitution is awakened, other sentiments soon come forth and blossom.

Now it happened that the day after the baron's invited visit, a poor woman, the mother of a family to whom Madame de Y—— was in the habit of giving stated pecuniary relief, called to thank her for her last munificent donation, which, she said, would keep her and hers forever.

"You were absent, my too generous benefactress, but I had the honor of meeting here with your husband."

"My husband!" exclaimed the widow.

"Ah, madame, what an excellent, what a kind-hearted gentleman! Ah, how well you are mated, for you suit each other admirably. Yes, madame, I told him everything, and how kind, how Providence-like you were to me. He seems to love you very much, and how could that be otherwise? 'Good woman,' says your husband to me, madame, 'your benefactress is absent for the time being; but ere she went, she left this with me for you;' and thereon he put into my hands a pocket-book containing bank-notes—a fortune, madame. I was loath to accept it at first, but he would have me take it, though *le bon Dieu* knows you have already done much for me and my poor fatherless children. Ah, dear madame, how happy you must be with such a husband! But 'tis only the just reward of your excellent heart and Christian virtues. May Heaven bless and preserve you both for years and years to come!"

"Strange, strange, passing strange," thought the widow. "Settle my tedious law-suit—provide for my poor widow and her children—leave some trace of himself everywhere around me! But men are such queer characters, such originals now-a-days." She resolved, however, not to speak to the baron of his generous conduct towards her proteges, fearful lest she might betray her *sensibilite* at so noble an action. But another circumstance soon came to light, and caused the baron to be invited suddenly and nervously to call a second time. This circumstance was as follows:—

A young coxcomb, Leopold de R——, imagining he had fallen in love with Madame de Y——, because living in the house opposite to hers, had chanced now and then to see her at her balcony before missing her all on a sudden at her departure from her apartment. After many days' anxiety, he determined upon writing her a *billet-doux*, informing her of his love, and stating that he would call that evening for an answer. Having written this note, he wrapped it up in a small paper parcel, and jerked it over the balcony into the window. It happened that the baron had just finished the second breakfast he had taken in the house, and was poring over the newspaper when the parcel dropped into the room. He took it up, and finding no superscription, he opened it and read the following:—"*Charmante voisine*, for weeks and weeks have I admired you from my window-seat opposite. Oh, how superlatively happy should I be were you to do me the honor of admitting me to your presence, and allowing me to declare myself and crave pardon for my presumption. At eight this evening I will call, ask for admission, and learn my fate. Till then, minutes will glide away like years for my impatient heart. Farewell till then, goddess of my adoration—LEOPOLD."

He came, and the door was opened to him by the baron *in propria persona*.

"Is Madame de Y—— at home?"

"She is not at home for you."

"And pray, by what right do you refuse me admission?"

"Methinks that right is very evident."

"And you are here in her apartment?"

"True; but for the time being it is my own."

The dialogue went rapidly on from cross words to a challenge; and on the morrow a duel took place in one of the coppice-woods, or *taillis*, of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y—— had every reason, she thought, for blaming the baron's conduct; so another invitation was sent to him, which he duly attended to.

"How is this, Monsieur le Baron?" said the widow, in tremulous and reproachful accents—"expose your life with such a *freluquet* (puppy)—a life so useful, so precious! Oh, *vraiment*, I cannot but think you more foolish than wise."

"I confess, madame, that I was wrong; but I merely wanted to put the young puppy, as you justly call him, in his right place, and save you forever from his importunities. He scratched me, but I gave him a gentle sword-thrust which will prevent him from annoying you for some time to come. Was that not a service worth having, my charming landlady?"

"Yes, but at such a price!—the risk of your own life and my reputation. *Mon Dieu*, baron, what will my friends think of me after such an *esclandre?* You have compromised me terribly by your generous, your noble, your magnanimous conduct."

"'Tis true, very true, my dear lady, and I now begin to see I acted too rashly upon the impulse of the moment; and that, in fact, I owe you a *reparation d'honneur*."

Madame de Y—— thought so likewise.

"Well, my dear baron," said she, proffering her hand, "since it was to be, it must be, so let it be—we are friends."

"And betrothed, my *toute belle*," cried the enamoured baron, fondly pressing to his lips the widow's lily-white fingers. "And the marriage-day? When?"

"Oh, dear me! Mon Dieu, what a man! In a month hence." And the compact was sealed.

☞ "That's a thundering big lie," said Tom. "No," replied Dick, "it's only a fulminating enlargement of elongated veracity." Harry took off his hat, elevated his eyes, and held his tongue.

THE CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR.

Among the numerous churches with which Moscow abounds, one of the most remarkable is the Church of St. Saviour. The edifice is in that half-oriental style of architecture which characterizes the Greek churches in Russia, and the above engraving represents a view of this impressive and remarkable edifice.

A PICTURE.

With smooth hair parted on her sweet mild brow,
And quiet eyes, in which a happy light
Seems breaking upward from her swelling thoughts,
She sits—her cheek upon the idle hand
From which the light embroidery has dropt.
Some pleasant memory, like a rose, is laid
Within her breast. Ah! easy now to see
What day-dream floats before her gaze entapt!
Love hath hung up his incense-burning lamp
Within her heart, and through each chamber sends
Warmth and sweet fragrance; by the spell unlocked,
The deep soul-springs of tenderness and trust
Gush forth, triumphant; at the Fountain-head
Fair Hope and Peace sit smiling, so the waves
Whisper soft music to her charmed heart.

Sweet dreamer! it were hard to weaken faith
So innocent as thine—yet thou beware
Lest those fair waters to thy taste should bring,
Like waves of Marah, bitterness and pain!
Oh! many a flower which, nursed by Hope and Love,
Bloomed in delightful fragrance, soon has died,
And left a scent at which the suffering heart
Turns faint, as at the deadly upas' breath.
That good, rare treasure—a true woman's heart—
Let it not be in vain or lightly given!
Choose thou a soul in whom thine own can trust,
A manly, tender, and devoted heart,
Well proved by reason ere endowed by love—
So shall thy day-dream no vain vision be,
Nor the bright colors of its tissue fade
Beneath the breath of disenchanting years.

M. A. D.

BEDROOM OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

The *Nord* publishes the following details of a visit made by its correspondent to the bed-room of the Emperor Nicholas at St. Petersburg. The reader who has had the privilege of visiting the humble sleeping apartments tenanted by the great Duke, at Walmer Castle and Apsley House, will be struck with the similarity in simplicity of taste. "The person who acted as my guide did not say whither he was taking me. He conducted me into an arched room, of very moderate dimensions, and lighted by a single window, looking into a court. This room was both a study and a bed-room. Before the window was placed a desk, on which was a pocket-book, half-open, a few sheets of paper, and some pens, a crumpled-up handkerchief, a small statuette of the Prince of Wales in the dress of a sailor, and a water-color drawing, representing children. A straw-bottomed chair was placed at the desk, which was much the worse for wear, and bore many marks of being cut with a penknife. Near this desk was an old sofa, covered with green leather, with well-worn cushions. Opposite, on a console ornamented with a mirror, was a dressing-case in leather, the simplicity of which showed that its owner did not indulge in any refinements of the toilette. On the chimney piece was a small time-piece in black marble, on which stood a bust of the Count de Benckendorff. There was no looking-glass on the chimney. Half concealed by the time-piece, was a statuette in Bronze of Napoleon I., similar to that in the Place Vendome. Some pictures ornamented the walls, representing military scenes, painted by Horace Vernet, or by German artists. A bust of Marshal Radetzky stood on the console. A portrait of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of Paul, was hung half concealed in the corner of the wall. In one corner of the room stood a common soldier's musket, and on a small table was the helmet of a general without a plume, and bearing marks of long service. Near the sofa, and parallel with the desk, was an iron camp-bed. On this bed, which my guide told me to press with my hand to see how hard it was, was a mattress covered with leather, and a pillow stuffed with hay. There was folded upon the bed an old grey uniform cloak, and at the foot of it, on a well-worn carpet, was a pair of Morocco leather slippers. I contemplated with surprise this austere retreat in a remote corner of one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe. When I had seen all, my guide said: 'This is the study and bed-room of the Emperor Nicholas. At that desk he sat for nearly thirty years, and on that bed he drew his last breath. That old cloak, which he always wore when in this room, belonged to his brother Alexander. On that carpet he knelt down and prayed morning and night every day of his reign. These slippers, which he wore to the last day of his life, were given him by the Empress on the day of his marriage. With that musket he himself taught his children the manual exercise; and this helmet he always wore in the streets of St. Petersburg.'"

LADY CYNTHIA VINDICATED.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The Lady Cynthia, queen of the skies, after shining on this earth some thousands of years—generously giving a part of the light she has received from the sun; fringing with silver the hills and lakes; awarding to our world below more and more of her lustrous presence, as the solar rays become less and less able to reach us in wintry seasons; casting shadows which are beautiful even in their darkness; arousing human curiosity as to the lineaments on her face; aiding the seaman by the light which she sheds, and the tide which she raises—enabling the navigator to solve problems that much concern his safety; accompanying the earth in friendly companionship round and round and round the sun—this lady has suddenly and unexpectedly been accused of a departure from the course which all good men and true had assigned to her. She has waltzed round and with her partner, the Earth, to celestial music—the "music of the spheres;" and, like a proper waltzer, she has, in so doing, gracefully spun *herself* round—indeed, she could not do otherwise without disrespectfully turning her back occasionally upon her partner. Nevertheless, elegant dancer as she is along the beautiful spangled ball-room of the heavens, she has lately been cited to appear before a Jury of philosophers, charged with the strange offence of waltzing round the earth without herself turning round—of pretending to execute two movements at once, while in reality there is but one movement.

Like as in a court of law a case is "opened" by the statement of a few undisputed facts touching the relative positions of the litigant parties; so has it been necessary, in this lunar trial, to "open" by a short recapitulation of certain well-known truths in astronomy; such as the following:

First, for the relative positions of the moon and the earth. The earth, nearly globular in shape, and about 7,900 miles in diameter, is always accompanied, whether visibly or not, by the moon, another globe about 2,200 miles in diameter—at a distance varying from 220,000 to 252,000 miles, or about 240,000 miles on an average throughout the year. Thus placed, the moon revolves round the earth once a month—the period of a "month" being variously understood in its length, in relation to certain delicate astronomical calculations; but the popular month, the "lunar month," the interval between new moon and new moon, is about 29½ days; and in this interval does the moon revolve round the earth. During this time she presents only one face towards the earth; she so turns round that only one-half (thereabouts) of her surface is visible to the terrestrial inhabitants, who have never yet seen, and—for aught that can at present be predicted—never will see, the remoter half; she spins round in 29½ days, she also revolves round the earth in 29½ days, and thus it happens that one particular hemisphere of the moon is always directed towards the earth—a thing which could not happen unless those two movements were completed exactly in the same space of time.

But, secondly, the earth and the moon are alike attendants on the sun, around whom they revolve; and this additional impulse imparts a very curious character to the real path of the moon through space. The earth travels round the sun in about 365 days—carrying the moon with it: and during this time the moon has travelled round the earth more than twelve times. At first it might appear that these two movements combined would give a kind of spiral path to the moon, something like the engine-turning on a watch-case; but the real motion, in the course of a year, is in a circular or slightly oval orbit, waved with twelve or thirteen gentle undulations, each alternately, protuberant and hollowed. These undulations are of very small depth, because the distance from the earth to the moon bears such a humble ratio to that from the earth or the moon to the sun. In fact, could an eye see this annual lunar orbit at right angles from a vast distance, it would scarcely appear to deviate from a true circle.

Such being the admitted preliminaries of the subject, the charge lately brought against the moon is—that she does *not* rotate on her axis; that her interpreters, the astronomers, give her credit for more than she can claim; that, in fact, she is a less agile dancer than she professes to be. The astronomers, who might reasonably be supposed to know their own business best, have felt no sort of doubt that she *does* rotate. Thus, Mr. Hind, the discoverer of we can't tell how many little planets, says:—"The most casual observer of the moon can hardly fail to have remarked, that she always presents very nearly the same face towards us; and a little reflection will convince him that the cause must lie in the near equality of her periods of axial rotation and sidereal revolution round the earth." Thus, also, the Rev. Robert Mann, one of the assistants at Greenwich Observatory: "In all probability, the motion of the moon round her axis of rotation is uniform; and this motion she performs round an axis inclined at an angle of 1½ degrees to the ecliptic, in the same time as that of her revolution in her orbit." Thus, also, Herschel and Airy, and all the great leaders in the science, have felt no compunction in assigning to the moon a rotative motion on her axis, superadded to a circuit of revolution round the earth.

It was during a time of astronomical peace, when the solar system was going on in its wonted harmony—about Easter-time in 1850—that a public accuser appeared, in the person of a gentleman favorably known in other departments of erudition, though not in astronomy. He poured out his wrath upon astronomers through the medium of that wonderful newspaper which is a medium for everything, and called upon them to amend their ways. He charged them with designating that a rotation which is no rotation. The very fact which leads astronomers to impute to the moon a rotary movement, was adduced by this accuser as a proof that she does *not* rotate. He argued thus: "If the moon turned at all on her axis, a little consideration will show that all her surface would be successively shown to the earth, and that it is because she has no rotary motion at all, that one side only is seen by us. She performs precisely the same motion in relation to the earth, that the point on the tire of a wheel does to the box or axle, or that the round end of the minute-hand of a watch does to the pivot in the centre. It is easy to construct a small instrument similar to this, by fixing a ball on one end of a strip of wood, to represent the earth, and fastened by a pivot serving as its axis, and on the other end a smaller ball, also fastened by a pivot. If the strip of wood be turned round on its pivot at the end representing the earth, the small ball will exactly represent the moon, and will present the same face, through the whole of its revolution, to the large ball; but if the small ball be made to rotate on its axis ever so little, it will immediately present a change of face to the larger ball, and so would the moon to the earth."

All this is very curious; for not only were the whole body of astronomers accused as aiders and abettors of the moon in her delinquency, but the alleged "rotation" was denounced as a pernicious doctrine as taught in school-books on astronomy—a teaching which would lead school boys and girls to form wrong notions concerning the beautiful movements of the moon. This, at anyrate, was placing the question on clear grounds—Yes or no: Do the youngsters, when hammering at their *Introductions*, and *Outlines*, and *Elements* of astronomy, form a wrong notion when told that the moon rotates?

The charge was met by a great outburst of counter-ridicule and indignation. A gentleman, who was an astronomer and a wag at the same time, said: "I beg to inform him, that I live in the moon, and that as I walk round the earth in order to keep my weather-eye open, so as continually to have it in view, I am obliged to perform a rotation on my axis once a month. I tried the other plan long ago, by always keeping my face to the north as I made my rounds; but then I turned in succession my face, my left side, my back, and my right side to the earth. I soon, however, got a "round-robin" from the earth, requesting me to go upon the old plan; so I gave up the experiment." Another advised the accuser thus: "Let him walk round a circular table, with his face always turned towards its centre, and by observing that the objects which originally appeared on his right will appear, on the completion of one-half of his perambulations, to be on his left, he will probably be able to convince himself that he has been turning round a vertical axis."

But as the accuser refused to be beaten down by ridicule, numerous practical illustrations were suggested to his attention; some of which may be usefully transcribed, since they show by what means astronomers demonstrate that the moon rotates on her axis.

1. "Suppose that a mariner's compass is fixed on the edge of a wheel placed in a horizontal position, and made to revolve about its axis. In this case the needle of the compass will always point in the same direction—namely, towards the north, and the index-card that is fixed to it will be carried round by the motion of the wheel, without any rotation about its own axis. But this is a very different motion from that of the moon; and, in fact, if the moon moved round the earth in a manner similar to that just described, all the parts of its surface would be in succession visible from the latter."

2. "Take a common compass, and place it at the extremity of one of the arms of a turnstile. When the turnstile has gone half round, look at the compass, and you will find that the northern end of the needle points to the south of the card. By the time the turnstile has got all the way round, the needle will again, as at first, point to the north of the card. Now, here it is very plain that either the needle has moved on its axis round the card, or the card has performed a revolution on that which is the common axis of itself and the needle; the eye will inform us that the former is not the case, and therefore that the latter must be."

3. "Take a cup and ball, and marking the latter at four opposite points with the letters N., S., E., and W., carry it, suspended by its string, round the flame of a candle. You will find that if N. be kept always to the north, the ball consequently remaining without axial motion, the light will fall in succession on W., S., and E., until it reaches N. again. But if you wish N. to be always illuminated, you must turn it continually towards the flame; in so doing, you will cause an axial rotation of the ball upon its string at each revolution which it performs round the candle."

4. "A body is said to have no rotary motion when any line drawn in it continually points in the same direction in space. If the moon had no rotation, a line drawn from her centre to any point on her surface would continually point towards the same place in the heavens—that is, towards the same fixed star. A body, on the other hand, is said to have a rotary motion about an axis, when any line drawn through that axis and at right angles to it gradually turns round, so as to point successively to all points of the heavens lying in a great circle."

5. "Take a disk of tin for the moon, hollowed a little on one side to make it balance easily on a strong needle stuck point upwards near the end of a bar of wood revolving horizontally. You can hold the disk with your finger while you turn the bar, so as to keep some mark upon the disk facing the axis on which the bar turns, and let it go just before you stop the motion of the bar. In the converse experiment you have only to turn the bar, leaving the disk alone; and then it will not revolve (except in its orbit), but will present all its circumference in succession to the axis of the bar—thus showing that an additional force was necessary to make the moon turn on its axis, besides turning round the earth."

But amid all these compasses, cards, wheels, indexes, turnstiles, cups, balls, strings, candles, bars, needles, tin-moons, and other illustrations, it is well to bear in mind that the real motion of the moon is in a waving curve round the sun during the course of a year, and that in this period she does most unquestionably rotate on her axis twelve or thirteen times. The very fact that the number of these rotations is not exactly integral, neither twelve nor thirteen, nor any other complete number, but fractional, shows that the axial rotation is entirely a distinct affair from the orbital motion round the sun. It is only in relation to the earth that there can arise any doubt whether the moon rotates axially; and even there the controversy appears to be one rather of definition than of fact.

After all, the boys may perhaps enable us to settle the question. If a teacher finds that his pupils do not become confused by the assertion that the moon rotates on her axis once a month, and that they understand clearly what is meant by the expression, then the moon may be allowed to go on her way rejoicing, untroubled by accusers; but if such perplexity does arise, then what may be needed is—not an abandonment of the scientific statement—but a little fuller explanation concerning the sense conveyed by the word "rotation;" and it is just possible that future elementary works on astronomy may contain this addition.

Good may come out of this controversy, as out of many others. But the moon must unquestionably be restored to her old rank; the astronomers are right: she *does* rotate, though the word "rotation" may need a little further definition.

Verdict—Moon honorably acquitted.

SENSIBLE CUSTOM IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH.—A London correspondent of the New York Independent says:—"Here we observed for the first time, what afterwards became a familiar sight—that in entering, whoever came first, whether gentleman or lady, moved to the head of the pew, and those who came later took the remaining seats, preventing the disturbance which occurs so often in our churches at home, when a gentleman, or several of them, must step into the aisle to give a lady the fancied seat of honor."

☞ I know only two beautiful things in the universe—the starry heavens above our heads, and the sentiment of duty in our hearts.

SPANISH COURT INTRIGUES.—It was mentioned in the late European news that Marshal Narvaez had assaulted the husband of the Infanta, and that subsequently the Infanta and her husband were banished from Madrid. A Madrid correspondent thus gives the history of the intrigue that caused this expulsion:

The Infanta Donna Josefa left for San Sebastian on the 4th, accompanied by her husband, M. Guell y Rento. Permit me to explain this departure. The story is one that has created profound disgust, and to it the Queen may attribute the coldness with which her subjects received her a few days ago, when, dressed in the costume of a Spanish General, she appeared at a review. The decree banishing the Infanta has been, I fear, the subject of mistakes, which the following narrative may clear up:

The Princess Josefa married Don Guell y Rento. This gentleman was known as a writer of some merit; as a deputy of the Cortes—as a man, in short, whose influence, exercised on the Progresista side, might be dangerous to the governing power. This marriage brought Don Guell no pecuniary advantage, for the Princess came to him *sans dot*. Five years after the celebration of the marriage, Don Francisco, the King's father, and father also of the Princess *Josefa*, fell in love with a courtesan of low degree, known as La Redondo. This lady had been in the chorus of the Theatre da Cirque. Her antecedents did not, however, prevent Don Francisco, to the great scandal of Spanish respectability, from marrying her. La Redondo became the mother-in-law of the king. Don Francisco, whose daughter had been sent to her husband portionless, was yet able to load the family of his new wife with gifts.

It was at this juncture that the Princess Josefa appealed to the Queen, her sister-in-law, and at the same time to her own father, claiming the fortune of her mother, which was her legal right, and for which she was justified in making a demand, seeing that her father was rich enough to be liberal to the family of La Redondo. But the claim, in the hands of the most expert advocate in Madrid, to whose sagacity it had been confided, was left unsatisfied, the Princess being appeased from time to time by her lawyer with the hope of an early and amicable arrangement. It was at last perceived that these delays were destined to be stretched beyond the limit at which the law fixed the validity of a claim; but twenty-four hours before this limit was reached, the other Infante, sisters of *Josefa*, entered an action for the recovery of twenty-one millions of reals, being their heritage from their mother, as well as the sums and properties that had been taken from their mother's will.

The judge before whom this action was tried, acknowledged the validity of the Princesses' claims, and accepted the mission of mediator between them and the royal family. But this progress in no way suited the convenience of the King, seeing that the pressure of his sisters upon their father would compel him to return to him the sums which he owed him, and particularly the millions which Bravo Murillo had advanced on the arrears which the father owed to his children, and which the King holds. This was, however, the property of the Princesses; and the King illegally holds the rightful portions of his sisters. The King, pushed by his sisters into a corner, resolved upon having them exiled—one to one place and another in an opposite direction. He exacted this act of shameless despotism from the Queen; who, in her turn, forced it upon her Ministers. The Infante were ordered to leave Madrid within 48 hours—not with respect nor with consideration, but as subjects who had not merited well of their country.

The Infanta Isabella, in the eighth month of *her grossesse*, is exiled to Granada; the Infanta Josefa is sent to San Sebastian; while Prince Henrique, the King's brother, who claimed with his sisters, is exiled from his country, having declined to repair to the Island of Majorca. This scandalous passage in the cotemporary history of Spain, will, we trust, make men, even as advantageous as MM. Perierre and Frost, pause before they change a single twenty-franc piece more into Spanish reals. The King's conduct is not only dishonest—it is ungrateful. For years have passed during which he has held his sisters' money with impunity, and during which they have been at his service. He forgot even the heroic bearing of his sister Josefa in the Revolution of 1854, when she presented herself on horseback before the troops of Valladolid, and urged them to cry "Long Life to the Queen!" The tribunals, it is said, will, ere long, give publicity to this great scandal.

CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.—A Pittsburg journal gives the following account of a case of somnambulism which occurred at the residence of a gentleman near that city:—"Hearing footsteps upon the stairs about midnight, and suspecting burglars about the premises, the gentleman rose from his bed and took down a double-barrelled gun, with which in his hand he proceeded to the door opening into the hall. Reaching the door, he applied his ear to the key-hole, and heard, as he thought, a rustling of garments upon the stairs. Hastily drawing a chair to the door, he stepped upon it, and inserted the gun through the transom. Just then the thought occurred to him that it might be *his daughter*, who some time previously was addicted to walking in her sleep. Passing out into the hall, with the gun still in his hand, to be used in case circumstances warranted it, he found the apartment entirely vacant, and lighting a lamp, he then ascended the stairs. Imagine his surprise and terror on looking out of the chamber windows to see among the branches of a tall tree which grew there, his daughter, dressed in her night habiliments, and seemingly utterly unconscious of her perilous position. Without uttering a word or making a sound calculated to frighten her, he stepped out of the window himself, and winding one arm tightly about the waist of the sleeping girl, he with great exertion managed to regain the hall with his precious burden. The surprise of the young lady, when she awoke and was informed of her perilous adventure, can be better imagined than described."

EXERCISE IN OPEN AIR.—From Hartstene's Expedition to the Polar Sea we extract the following:

Nature has qualified man to breathe an atmosphere 120 degrees above zero, or 50 below it, a difference of 170 degrees, without injury to health; and the doctrines of physicians that great and sudden changes of temperature are injurious to health is disproved by recorded facts. There are very few Arctic navigators who die in the Arctic zone; it is the most healthy climate on the globe to those who breathe the open air. We have among our records the changes of temperature in Australia, where the temperature rose to 115 at 3 o'clock, P. M., and next morning at 5 o'clock was down to 40 deg.—a change of 75 deg. in 14 hours. There the people are healthy;—and at Franconia, N. H., the changes are the most sudden, the most frequent, and of the greatest extent of any place with which I am in correspondence on the American continent, and yet there is no town of its size that has so great a population of its inhabitants who pass the age of threescore years and ten. It is the quality of the changed air that constitutes the difference that physicians notice, and not the temperature.

CURIOUS STATISTICS.—A friend has handed us the following curious statistics in relation to the reigning family of Russia, translated from a German paper:

Emperor Alexander I. was born in the year 1777; those four figures added up make,	22
He ascended to the throne 1801,	10
He died in 1825,	16
Total,	48

He was 48 years old when he died.

Emperor Nicholas born 1796; those four figures added up make,	23
He ascended the throne 1825,	16
He died 1855,	19
Total,	58

He was 58 years old when he died.

Empress Catharine was 34 years old when she ascended the throne, and reigned 34 years. Emperor Alexander I. was 24 years old when he ascended the throne, and reigned 24 years. Emperor Nicholas was 29 years old when he ascended the throne, and reigned 29 years.—*Georgian.*

RETURN OF AN EXILE.—Ivan Golowin, a well-known Russian exile, author of several works on Russia, and lately editor of a small paper in London, has been permitted to return to Russia, at his request, but under the condition that he would not reside either at St. Petersburg or Moscow, and would enter into the service of State.

SUGAR CULTURE.—It appears that during the past season, experiments with sugar-cane have been made in other parts of the country beside those we recently mentioned. Major Sibley, of St. Charles, Mo., and Mr. Geyer, of St. Louis, experimented with the seed of the Japanese and Chinese sugar-cane, and they exhibited at the recent St. Louis Fair specimens of the cane and seed, together with samples of the syrup obtained by processes of their own. Major Sibley read a paper on the Chinese cane, before the Missouri Agricultural Association, in which he stated that it could be cultivated anywhere south of latitude forty-two degrees north. This is confirmed by experiments made with the same variety of cane at Newton Centre, in Massachusetts. Several other experiments have been made in New England, all of which have proved successful, and have satisfied parties there that this sugar-cane may be cultivated in that latitude as easily and successfully as corn. In Georgia, Mr. Peters, of Calhoun, experimented with it, and made over three hundred gallons of syrup. He gives as the result, that four hundred gallons of syrup may be made from the produce of an acre of the cane. The St. Louis Republican, in speaking of this subject, says:—

"Taking the three latitudes of Massachusetts, middle Missouri, and Georgia, it would seem that the climate and soil of every portion of the United States, are adapted to the culture of this import-staple, and may yet be reported, with wheat and corn, as the staples of States heretofore regarded as physically incapacitated for the growing of sugar.

"The high rates at which sugar has rated for some time past, and the poor prospect of an abatement for many months, if not years to come, indicate to agriculturists, that here is an inviting opportunity to enter largely into the culture of an article which yields liberally to the hand of the farmer or planter, and promises him a generous remuneration, while some hope might be indulged by consumers, of relief from the ruinous prices we now pay for our sugars. The introduction of new machinery dispenses with the necessity of retaining a large force for growing the cane and manufacturing the sugar, and places those who have not from one hundred to a thousand negroes, on an equal footing with those who have, with less expense to encounter.

"If the large wheat and corn growing States should undertake to cultivate sugar, and the North and South both be the source of supply, the probability of a general failure of the crop and consequent rise in prices till the affluent and poor together complain, would be so diminished as to be of comparatively slight weight in price current calculations.

"As it is now, a drought or freshet, or frost, over but a small portion of the southern country, spreads a panic throughout the United States market, and a loss of but a quarter of a crop advances prices, till housewives economise in preserves, and the poor drink unsweetened coffee.

"No general failure of the wheat crop is ever likely to occur, because of its general diffusion throughout all latitudes, and the probability that if in one State, the drought, or rust, or fly destroys the harvest, it will escape these elsewhere, and the general average be not greatly changed. The same might be expected of sugar, if grown in every State, and all expensive fluctuations be escaped.

"This matter is worthy the attention of agriculturists, who may become producers of this indispensable family article, and one of no inconsiderable cost even to small families, for themselves and for the sugar markets of the country. Scores engage every year in the maple districts, in the manufacture of sugar, as a matter of profit. Let them, and hundreds of others make the experiment with the Japan and Chinese Sugar Cane."

MURDEROUS ASSAULT OF TWO TURKISH WOMEN ON THE CATHOLIC BISHOP OF MOSTAR.—A correspondent of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, writes from Constantinople, Sept. 11th:

"The Catholic Bishop of Mostar and Apostolic Vicar of the province of Herzegowina, Mr. Barisich, barely escaped with his life, on the 1st inst., in his own house. Two Turkish women having been informed that the bishop wished to prevent a Christian girl, named Catharine Ragan, from embracing Islamism, went to his house and requested to see the bishop. They were veiled, but both were armed, one having concealed under her dress a pistol, the other a large yataghan. No sooner had the bishop entered, when one of them, a certain *Kaduna Gioguscha*, rushed at him with the knife, directing a blow at his breast, which would have instantly killed him, but for his admirable presence of mind. He retreated rapidly, screaming for help, and soon several servants appeared, who secured the women. Ischak Pasha, the Governor of the province, had them brought before him, and, having investigated the case, sentenced them to several years' imprisonment, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of several influential Turks, who wished to convince him that the females were lunatics."

THE CROPS ABROAD.—The best authorities support the opinion that the wheat crop of England will reach a full average this year. At the same time, it is not by any means anticipated that prices will be depressed much below their present level. The crop in France is below the average, and evidently much of the grain shipped from the sea of Azof will find its way to Marseilles instead of Liverpool. The only country in a position to ship largely is America, and we presume our farmers may expect a demand for whatever they are to export. Very unfavorable accounts have been received of the potato crop in England, though as yet the actual losses from disease are said to be trifling—certainly not in excess of last year. The yield of barley is good, though some is unfit for malting, on account of the harvest rains. Oats, beans, and peas are a large growth, both as to quantity and quality. The second crop of hay has turned out large; and as the first cut was by far the largest ever recollected, there will be no want of good feed during the next eight months. As to Ireland and Scotland, the greater portion of the crops had been secured at our last advices, and report speaks favorably of this yield.—*Country Gent.*

TURKISH HONESTY.—The Messrs. Abbott were heavy sufferers by the recent great fire at Salonica, in European Turkey, having lost their books and papers, containing bills to a large amount against some of the principal inhabitants and merchants of the city. On the day after the fire old Yussef Pacha, who is a debtor to M. M. Abbott for a sum of several millions piastres, went to them and said, that having heard that all the bills they held of his had been destroyed, he had brought a copy of his account with them, taken from his books, and also fresh bills for the amount due. This example was followed by all the Turkish debtors to the firm.

HIGH RENTS.—A Hamburg correspondent of a London paper writes, that although the rent paid by the British Ambassador for his hotel during the Coronation at Moscow is thirty thousand dollars, the house did not contain an apartment large enough for a ball-room; and that for another hotel which did contain one of sufficient dimensions, the monthly rent demanded was so exorbitant, that a saloon of iron covered with glass was to be sent from Moscow to England, about 2,000 miles distant. The Coronation took place on Sunday, September 7th, new style, or August 26th of the Greek Church.

CURIOUS CASE.—The Columbia South Carolinian states that the celebrated case of Mr. Willis—who took a colored woman to Ohio, freed her, and bequeathed to her and her children (who were all his own) all his property in South Carolina—has just been decided by Judge O'Neall, at the late term of the Court at Barnwell. The jury gave a verdict against the validity of the will—partly on the ground that it was procured by fraud and insanity, and partly because it was opposed to the policy of the State, as declared by the Act of 1841. The decision has been appealed from.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN GERMANY.—The question whether Baptists shall be admitted to the approaching meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, is regarded with great interest in Germany, as a sort of test question respecting religious freedom. The controversy is warmly waged, and among the new and important adherents to the side of liberty are Dr. Schenkel, of Heidelberg, and the celebrated Brummacher, court preacher. The King is said to favor the toleration of the Baptists.

Judge Matthew Knox, first Probate Judge of Chickasaw, Miss., was killed, a few days since, by falling from a tree.

THE COST OF A POLITICAL CONTEST.—Few people ever think of the *expense in cash* of a Presidential contest. Yet it is really something enormous. The vast machinery necessary to carry on such a canvass—the number of organizations which it requires—the amount of printing, of writing, of postage, and of labor of every kind which is brought into service, is far beyond any estimate usually formed. Let us state a few facts which may aid in forming an opinion.

There are about 800 counties, and not far from 5,000 towns, in the thirty-one States composing the Union. Every town has one political club of each party, and many towns have many more. There were undoubtedly during the last canvass over 15,000 organized clubs, belonging to each of the political parties within the United States; the number of Fremont clubs may have been 5,000 less, since the Republican organization did not extend into the slave States. Each of these clubs was in active operation for at least *three months*. Each of them required rooms, printing, postage, more or less travelling of their officers and committees; and these, with other incidental expenses, could not have amounted, on the average, to less than $100 a month, or $300 for the canvass. The labors performed by their secretaries, presidents and committees, would certainly amount to the steady services of at least *three men* each, worth not less than $100 each for the whole three months. Not less than 1,000 persons have been actively engaged, for nearly the whole of the canvass, in making speeches and public addresses, travelling from place to place, and always at an expense which must be met by somebody—and entitled, of course, to have their own services estimated at a fair price; probably $500 for each, including their expenses, would not be a low estimate.

Then on election day, there are opened in the United States not less than 50,000 polls—at which each party stations not less than *five* men, besides the inspectors, policemen and other legal officers, who average, perhaps, *five* more, making *ten* in all, whose services are worth at least two dollars each.

Let us sum up the aggregate of all these items:

Incidental expenses of 40,000 clubs at $300 each,	$12,000,000
Services of three men each, for three months, at $100,	12,000,000
One thousand speakers three months, at $500,	500,000
Officers, challengers, &c., at the polls,	1,000,000
Total,	$25,500,000

Here is a total of more than twenty-five millions of dollars expended in the canvass—all of it the voluntary offering of the people, to secure the choice of such a President as they desire to see elected. The aggregate is much more likely to exceed this estimate than to fall below it—as it does not include the money raised by exactions upon office-holders, or contributed in large sums by candidates, to be used for purposes less legitimate, but more costly than those we have enumerated. Much of it goes into the hands of working men—printers, laborers, and others, who fairly earn it. But immense amounts go to fill the pockets of political gamblers and swindlers, who look upon a Presidential election as the harvest of their profession.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE WHEELBARROW POLITICAL WAGER—TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT IN BOSTON—THE WHEELBARROW BET.—BOSTON, Nov. 7.—Major Benjamin Perley Poore, the late Fillmore candidate for Congress in the Sixth district, arrived in the city this afternoon with his wheelbarrow and barrel of apples, which he had wheeled all the way from Newburyport, a distance of thirty-six miles, in two and a half days. The job was in fulfilment of a bet with Col. Burbank, the Fremont State Senator elect, that Fillmore would get more votes in Massachusetts than Fremont. The Major, wheeling his apples, was escorted up State street, about two o'clock, by the Fillmore Clubs of Boston and Charlestown, a military company and a mounted cavalcade of citizens. The novelty of the performance collected many thousands of the people, and the Major was greeted with tremendous and unanimous applause on all sides. He delivered the apples to Col. Burbank on the steps of the Tremont House, where both gentlemen delivered congratulatory speeches, mounted on the barrel. Ten thousand people were present. Major Poore is a man weighing 200 lbs.

MOVEMENTS AMONG THE EPISCOPALIANS.—A counter memorial to that which has been some time in circulation by the Low Churchmen has been published, which takes High Church grounds. The new memorialists ask the restoration of the Athanasian Creed, as a protest against those who deny the eternal generation of the Son of God, and those who hold or teach Semi-Arianism, Sabellianism, Eutychianism or Nesterianism. They also ask that the Nicene Creed be restored to its original position after the Gospel in the Communion Service; a distinct re-affirmation of the doctrine of Original Sin, as a protest against Pelagianism or Semi-Pelagianism; a re-affirmation of the Article, as a protest against the dogma of Immaculate Conception, and against those who teach that Christ was born in Original Sin; also, a decision of the question whether God remits Original Sin in any other way than in Baptism.

GENERAL WALKER.—This gentleman is about forty years of age. He is a native of Nashville, Tennessee, his father being of Scotch birth, coming, we believe, from Glasgow, or its vicinity; his mother, who was a sister of John Norvell, at one period a Senator in Congress from Michigan, being a native of Kentucky. William, the eldest of their children, is about thirty-three or four years of age, is of rather diminutive stature, whitish hair, fair complexion, much stained on the cheeks and about the eyes with freckles, gray eyes, and a countenance, on the whole, rather tame and unprepossessing. His voice is decidedly nasal, being what the children call singsong; his manners are uncommonly quiet and reserved, if not awkward, but when in company with intimate friends, and when interested in any object, he wakes up, and his whole appearance greatly changes.

AN AMERICAN ON THE PAPAL THRONE.—A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from Rome, 13th Oct., says:—This morning Colonel Hiram Pearson, of San Francisco, was fined one thousand piasters for seating himself on the throne of the Pope.

NEW YORK MARKET.

ASHES—The market is quiet for both kinds. Sales of Pots $7 50. Pearls are nominal at $8 25@8 50.

FLOUR—The demand for Western Canal Flour is more active, and the former grades are 5@10c better, with more doing for export and the East. The latter grades are firm and in good request for the home trade. At the close the market favored the seller. The sales are 15,000 bbls at $6 20@6 55 for common to good State; $6 60@6 75 for extra State; $6 40@6 75 for superfine Indiana and Iowa; $6 30@7 15 for common to fair extra Ohio; $7 15@7 50 for fair to choice extra Ohio; $6 70@8 for Genesee brands, and $7 25@8 30 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is firmer, and in fair demand in part to arrive. Sales of 1600 bbls at $6 60@6 70 for superfine, and $6 80@7 70 for extra brands. Southern Flour is irregular; mixed brands are a shade easier; but good grades are quite firm, and in demand. Sales of 4400 bbls at $7 15@8 for mixed to good brands of Baltimore, &c., and $7 80@8 10 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is quiet at $5 25@5. Corn Meal firm at $3 30 for Jersey. Buckwheat Flour in good demand at $2 62 per 100.

GRAIN—The Wheat market is very quiet; lot firm; the arrivals are light; sales of 2700 bus Chicago spring at $1 37; 1700 bus white Southern at $1 65 for good, and 3000 bus do. on terms not known; 7000 bus Southern (mixed) at $1 56, freight 16c. Rye is firm and in fair request; sales of 3000 bus good Northern at 83c. Barley is quiet at $1 20@1 35. Oats are better and in fair demand at 44@46c for State, and 47@48 for Western. Corn is very quiet and unsteady; the arrivals are moderate; sales of 18,000 bus at 70@71c for Western mixed. Other kinds are nominal. White Beans are in demand at $1 87@2 10. Canada Peas are firm at $1 05@1 06.

SEEDS—Our outside prices are with difficulty realized; the demand is limited at the moment. The only sales are 1000 Mexican, 50 lbs at 21½c; 200 Dry Southern 19½@20c, cash; 100 City Slaughter at 11c, cash. The stock is 24,000.

LEATHER—The market is firm, with the prospect of a better demand, now that the election is over. The receipts continue moderate. French Calf Skins are in fair request, with but little inquiry, and this for 30 lbs at $1, and 31 lbs at 88½c.

COFFEE—The auction sale of Rio passed off disgustedly, and out of 5000 bags only 1100 were sold at an average of $10 80. We hear of no sales at private worth particular noting.

SUGARS—The market remains very firm, closing with the same degree of buoyancy, though little has been done. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba at 8¾@9c, and 100 boxes Havana at 10½c.

MOLASSES—Continues scarce, and the enhanced prices asked are scarcely obtained. Sales of 35 hhds Porto Rico at 37c. Other sales are reported, but we could not trace them.

HOPS—The market is quiet. Small sales at 5@8c for ordinary to Western.

WHISKEY—The market is buoyant; the demand good; sales of 500 bls Ohio and Prime at 34@35, and small lots at 36c.

PROVISIONS—The Pork Market is firm, especially Mess; the arrivals are moderate; sales of 400 bbls, at $20 for Mess, and $18 for Prime; Beef is in good request, and is firm for good qualities. The supply is much reduced; new is more plenty, and in fair demand; the sales are 800 bls at $8 50@9 for Prime; $16@17 for do Mess, and $9@11 for re-packed Western Mess; included in the sales are 300 bbls new Chicago [Cincinnati] at $14; Prime Mess is quiet at $14@15. Beef Hams are firm, and in good demand; sales of 60 bbls new at $20.

Cut Meats are not plenty; sales of 100 bbls and tcs new Sugar Cured Hams at 10@11c. Bacon is quiet. Bacon is wanted for early delivery; sales of 1000 boxes long ribbed middles at 10c, and short loose cut at 11c, deliverable this month. Of western smoked 100 bbls brought 9½. Lard is rather easier; sales of 300 bbls and tcs, part to arrive, at 12¼@12¾, and small lots at 12¾@13c. Butter is in fair demand at 20@22c for State, and 16@19c for Ohio. Cheese is unchanged; sales of 100 boxes at 9@10c.

OILS—The sales comprise 3300 to 4000 gallons American at 81c per gallon, in casks. In crude whale and sperm nothing has been done. Refined winter whale is in moderate request at 90@93c, 4 months. Unbleached winter is in moderate request at 91.75@1.80, the last sale for export was at the inside rate, and bleached do at $1 80@1 85, 4 mos. Lard Oil is rather dull, but prices are without change worth noting. Sperm is held at $2, and City winter at $1 85, 4 mos; sales 2300 gals at these rates. Olive is in moderate request at $2 37½@2 62½ for quarts and pints. Red Oil is dull at 65@70c, cash and 4 mos.

Nov. 10.—Flour steady; 5000 bbls sold; State $6 90@7 35; Southern $7 10@7 45. Wheat advancing, with an active market; White 165@180c. Corn quiet; mixed 69@70. Pork dull. Beef firm. Lard at 12½c. Whiskey nominal.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
November 10, 1856.

The election excitement of the last week has limited the operations in most departments of Trade, and the transactions generally have been moderate for the season. The country Trade is pretty well over and both the commission and jobbing houses have been very quiet this week, sales being mostly confined to the wants of the city retailers and dealers, who are buying moderately. Stocks generally keep well sold up, and the prices of all the leading articles, particularly of cotton manufactures, are fully sustained and firm.

Breadstuffs are without much attention under the news from abroad, but prices at the close have the latter. Quercitron Bark is also less active. Cotton opened with more firmness on the part of holders, but with fair receipts prices rule about stationary. Coal and Iron are dull, and a moderate business only to notice for the season. In Groceries the movement has been small, owing to the firmness of holders. The Provision market continues dull ahead, and there is only a retail trade to notice. Indigo is held higher in consequence of the yield and failure of the crop in India. Hides and Leather are weaker at full prices. Naval Stores and Oils remain quiet. Salt—No change. Seeds—There is more doing in Clovers eed, without attention to rates. Teas and Tobacco are unchanged. Wool is firmer, with a good inquiry from manufacturers, and Whiskey is rather lower.

ASHES—The market for both kinds is unsettled and lower, with a small business doing within the range of quotations.

BARK—Quercitron continues scarce, but the demand is less active. Some few small lots sold at $41, early in the week, but buyers are now holding off, and the market is quiet.

BREADSTUFFS—Is in request, but at a price below the views of holders. There is very little offering, and only about 2000 bbls have been disposed of at Ex Ship, the latter price being generally demanded for good lots.

CANDLES—Are steady and firm, but no large sales have come under our notice. Adamantine are scarce, most of the stock being previously disposed of at full rates.

COAL—There has been an increase in sales, and the demand moderate for the season, but the scarcity of vessels has had a tendency to limit the operations of the past week very materially.

The Anthracite Coal tonnage for the past week, and for the season, thus far, is as follows:

FOR THE WEEK.

	1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	37,112	34,976	Dec. 2,136
Lehigh Val RR	—	5,210	Inc. 5,210
Schuylkill Canal	39,344	39,760	Dec. 25
Reading Railroad	40,268	40,264	Dec. 2,774
Total for week	116,724	110,935	Dec. 3,789

FOR THE YEAR.

	1855.	1856.	
Lehigh Canal	1,101,336	1,064,047	Dec. 117,289
Lehigh Val RR	—	145,371	Inc. 145,371
Schuylkill Canal	981,726	1,004,920	Inc. 23,194
Reading Railroad	2,096,277	1,954,235	Dec. 142,042
Total for season	4,239,268	4,168,573	Dec. 90,720

There is a falling off on all the lines as compared with the corresponding week of last year, and the net decline for the season, as compared with last season at this period, is 90,720 tons.

COFFEE—Remains very quiet; holders are firm in their views, but buyers come forward slowly, and only about 2000 bags, chiefly Rio, have been disposed of in lots at from 9¾@10c, as in quality, including Laguayra at 11¼@12c, and Java at 14½@15c, all on the usual credit. Some 7000 bags Rio has arrived this week.

COTTON—The advices from abroad imparted a better feeling to the market, but the disinclination on the part of buyers and sellers operates unfavorably on the demand, and the week's transactions only reach about 1000 bales, mostly taken within the range of previous quotations, prices generally ranging at from 12½c for Uplands, and 13¾@13¾c for Mobile and Orleans, cash and time. The market closing very quiet.

DRUGS AND DYES—The business of the past week has been moderate for articles under this head, and without any material variation to note in the leading articles. About 80 tons Soda Ash sold on terms not public, and a cargo of St. Domingo Logwood was also taken at a private bargain.

FEATHERS—Come in slowly, and some 6000 lbs Western have been disposed of at 50@60c, as in quality.

FRUIT—The market has been very inactive during the past week, but store sales to the extent of about 2500 pkgs Raisins are reported at $3 80@3 90 for Muscle; smaller pkgs in proportion, and Havana Oranges at $5@7 ₱ bbl. Cranberries are more plenty, and prices range at ₱ bush. Apples sell at $2@3 ₱ bbl. Of Dried Fruit the receipts and sales are moderate at 5@6c for Apples, and 10@12c for Peaches.

FISH—The market remains very quiet; there are no cargo sales of Mackerel, and transactions are only in lots from store at $11@12 for medium 1's, $8 for 2's, and $6@7 for 3's, as to brand. Large Fish are very scarce. Pickled Herring sell at $3@4 ₱ bbl, as to size, and Dry Cod at $3,50 the 100 lbs.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts are large and very little effect on the market; the demand for export, however, has fallen off, and only about 1500 bbls Flour have found buyers, mostly in the lower part of the week, at $6,62½@6,75 and 6,87½ for mixed and straight brands. $7 for selected lots. $7,12½@7,25 for extra, chiefly at the former figure, and $7,37½ for extra family. Within the last day or two there has been little or nothing done for export, and the market closes dull within the above range of prices. For home consumption the sales have also been moderate, within the range of $6,75@7 for common and good retailing brands, $7,12½@7,50 for extras, and $7,75@8 ₱ bbl for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour continues very scarce, and sells readily at $4,12½. Corn Meal remains dull; about 400 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $3,25@3,31½ ₱ bbl, and 100 bbls Brandywine at $3,37½ ₱ bbl, which is a decline. The inspections for the week are 14,750 bbls Flour, 133 half bbls do; 2096 bbls Corn Meal, and 12 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts and sales of Wheat continue moderate, but prices have ruled in favor of the buyer, and closed 2@3c ₱ bu lower; sales included about 45,000 bus in all at 1,35@1,37c for Reds, and 1,40@1,45 for White, ₱ 60 lbs, and inferior lots at less rates; the bulk of the sales were of Reds at the close, buyers were only offering our lowest figures for good lots. Rye comes in slowly and meets with a steady demand, and some 9000 bus have been disposed of at 70@70c, mostly at the latter figure for new Pennsylvania. Corn has been actively sold during the week, and 100,000 bus have been added, nearly for shipment, at 66c in store and in the cars, and 67@68c afloat, including White at 68@69c. Oats are less inquired for and dull, and only about 30,000 bus have been sold at 44@45c for good Southern, and 43@46c for Pennsylvania, the former for old.

MALT—Continues firm, but there is no change in the market, but the demand, as is usually the case at this season of the year, is limited.

GINSENG—There is very little crude offering, and we are only advised of a sale of 1200 lbs, on terms not public, said to be at an advance on previous quotations.

HAY—There is no stock in first hands, and we hear of no sales to alter quotations.

HIDES—The market is firm, but the want of supplies limits operations, and no sales have been made public this week.

HOPS are unchanged, and a moderate business doing at 20@22c ₱ lb, as in quality. Old continues very dull.

IRON—There is very little movement in the market, but, sales of Pig Metal to the extent of some 2500 tons are reported, including 500 tons No. 1, and 1000 tons Forge, on terms not public; 600 tons hard No. 2, at $24, and 500 tons No. 3, deliverable on the Susquehanna, at $22@23, all six months. Rail is selling slowly at about $30 ₱ ton, on time. In Manufactured Iron there are no changes, and about the usual business to note in Bars and Rails.

LEAD—Continues firm but quiet, and no sales have come under our notice this week.

LUMBER—The spring season is drawing to a close, and the market has been rather quiet this week. White Pine ranges at $14@18 for ordinary, and $22@25 for clear. Yellow Sap Boards are dull. In Shingles no change. Laths sell slowly at $1,25@1,40 ₱ M, as in quality.

LEATHER—There is little or nothing doing for the want of stock, the tanners prices are fully maintained.

MOLASSES—The market has an upward tendency, but the want of stock limits operations, and only a few small lots have changed hands at very full rates.

NAVAL STORES—No change in the markets. Some 500 bbls Spirits Turpentine have been sold at 44@45c ₱ gallon, cash and time, and 900 bbls Rosin at 1,87½@2,25. Pine Rosin is scarce, and sales have been made at $4 ₱ bbl. Tar and Pitch is steady, with small sales.

OILS—There is more doing in Fish Oils, and Sperm and Whale are selling to a fair extent from store at steady rates. A sale of 4000 gallons Winter Whale is reported at 90c, and 1500 gallons Summer Sperm at 190c, all on the usual credit. Lard Oil is firm, with limited sales at 105@110c for No. 1, and Winter. Linseed is dull, and lower, sales having been made at 101@102c, as in quality.

PLASTER—Continues dull. The last sales were at $2,75 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—The market generally remains at a stand, and without any prime Mess Pork for sale there is a small way at $20@21; Prime at $18, and City Mess Beef at $13 @14 ₱ bbl. Bacon sells as wanted, in lots, at 10@12c for Hams; 9 cts for Sides, and 8 cts for Shoulders. In Green Meats there is very little offering or selling, a small sale of Shoulders, in salt, summer cured, was made at 7½c. Lard is dull and unsettled, with a small business to note at 13@13c for bbls and tcs, and 14@15c for kegs. Butter sells readily at sales at 14@15c for solid, and 18@19c for roll, the latter for prime. Cheese—No change, and sales moderate at 9@11c ₱ lb.

RICE—Is scarce, with a small business doing in new crop at 3c@3½, usual time.

SALT—Is unchanged; the cargo of Turk's Island noticed last week, has been disposed of on terms not public, but one arrived since is going into store.

SEEDS—Clovers eed is arriving more freely, and prime new Seed meets with a steady demand at previous quoted rates, and some 1500 bus have been taken at $7@7,25 ₱ bu, chiefly at the latter rate. Timothy is out of season, and quotations are nominally unchanged. Flax Seed is less active and rather lower, and we quote American at about $2,10 ₱ bu.

SPIRITS—Foreign continues firm, and a few small sales of Brandy have been made, on landing, at full prices. N E Rum is scarce, with small sales at 30@31c. Whiskey remains dull and unsettled; prices have ranged at 34@35c for bbls, the latter for Prime; 33@34c for bbls, and 32@33c for Drudge; we quote at our lowest figures, but with more doing on the part of sales, inferior lots at less rates; the bulk of the sales were of Reds at the close, buyers were only offering our lowest figures for good lots. Rye comes in slowly and meets with a steady demand, and some 9000 bus have been disposed of at 70@70c, mostly at the latter figure for new Pennsylvania. Corn has been actively sold during the week, and 100,000 bus have been added, nearly for shipment, at 66c in store and in the cars, and 67@68c afloat, including White at 68@69c. Oats are less inquired for and dull, and only about 30,000 bus have been sold at 44@45c for good Southern, and 43@46c for Pennsylvania, the former for old.

TALLOW—Is steady, and a moderate business to note at 12½c for City, and 11@c for Country.

TOBACCO—The stock, particularly of Leaf, is very light, and prices high, but there is very little doing in the way of sales.

WINE—A small business doing, without change in prices.

WOOL—The stock is moderate for the season, and holders are firm in their demands; there have been some buyers looking through the market, but the transactions made public are moderate at fully former rates. There are rumors of large sales on Western accounts, the particulars of which have not been allowed to transpire.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

Most of the Cattle at the different yards were disposed of at about the previous rates. Some 876 head of Beef Cattle were offered at the Bull's Head now Drove yard. The following are the sales:

50 Chester Co., by Hathaway & McFillan, good, nett, at 8½@9c.

75 Virginia, by Hathaway & McFillan, good, at gross 8½, and nett, 8½.

34 Chester Co., B. J. Houston, extra, nett, 9@9½c.
40 do Cochran & McCall, good, 8@8½.
52 Virginia, do do 8@8½.
102 do B Sebrendes, 8@8½.
100 do John Todd, 8½@8¾, gross.
29 Chester Co., Kinsey & Hunter, 8, gross, 8½, nett.
21 Chester Co., Small & Kimble, 8¼, gross, 8, nett.
40 Chester Co., Chandler & Underwood, 8@8½.
17 Chester Co., J. Pyle, 8@8½, nett.

At Strickland's Drove Yard the offerings were light, and only about 100 head Pennsylvania Cattle were sold at from $7½ to $8½ nett, 100 lbs, as to quality.

About 300 Cows and Calves were at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue; the market was very dull, sales ranging at from $25 to $45 for fresh Cows, $25 to $35 for Springers, and $18 to $25 for dry Cows.

At Singer's Yard some 2000 Hogs were at market this week, and all but about 600 were sold as from $7½ to $8½ ₱ 100 lbs, according to condition.

The offerings of Sheep and Lambs were to the extent of about 6200 at Torbert's and Strickland's, principally at the former, prices ruling at from $2 to $4 each, as in quality.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 1700 Beeves, 525 Stores, 3200 Sheep and Lambs, and 2750 Swine.

The following were the prices:

Market Beef—Extra, $8,50; first quality, $8,25; second do $7,75@8; third do $7,25.

Barreling Cattle—None.

Working Oxen—$85, 90, 100, 125@150.

Milch Cows—$20, 25, 30, 50; common $39.

Veal Calves—$5,50, 6@6,75.

Yearlings—$10@15.

Two years old—$18@30.

Three years old—$23, 25@27,50.

Hides—about 8½c ₱ lb.

Calf Skins—14c ₱ lb.

Tallow—Butter: rough 4@5c ₱ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and selections, 6@6½; in lots $1,12@2 ₱ head.

Pelts—75c@$1 each.

Swine—Wholesale, 7@8c; fat Hogs, undressed, still fed, 6½c; corn fed, 7½c ₱ lb.

Remarks—Beef—A larger supply than usual of heavy oxen from the West, with weather cool, and sales quick at 25c ₱ cwt above last week. Prices of Sheep and Swine remain about the same.

☞ Judge Story said—"The first duty of a lawyer is to his God and his religion; secondly, to his country and the law; thirdly, to himself, and lastly to his client. Never mistake the law. Lie for no man, cheat for no man. Be true to the court, true to your client.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, ST

LATER FROM RUATAN.—Capt. Stevens informs that the news of the recent Treaty between onduras and England reached Ruatan on the th, and had caused considerable excitement. e public opinion was almost unanimous against e recognition of the sovereignty of Honduras, d a large portion of the inhabitants were de- rmined to resist the measure if it were forced on them. Many were in favor of endeavoring become an independent Republic. The island inhabited by about 8,500 people—a large por- n of them blacks, but all speaking the English nguage, the same as those of St. Andrews and rovidencia, nearer to the New Grenadian coast. *N. O. Pic., 3rd inst.*

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE, need be no question now, every o is emphatically the architect of his own fortune: though redomt that sometimes much depends on certain fortuitous cumstances, and on little or no cause lucky; hence we consider our compliments, a stout board, a clear head, a firm hand and out-fit from the Clothing Store of Granville Stokes, No. 39 rth Street, Philadelphia, as essential to the success of young beginners.

A UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE OF NATURE.—When we sick we should remember that nature has provided us with ain, thirty-six feet long, into which all the impurities of e system run to deposit, and so expelled from the body. RANDRETH'S PILLS you can put your pains and colds to this outlet, and a few hours can do more to cure you than any other method in months. Over two millions of the peo- le of the United States have used the Brandreth Pills, and ve often been cured by them when every other medicine has iled. Sold, Wholesale and Retail, at the Principal Office, 48 CA- AL St., Brandreth Building, New York; by T. W. DYOTT SONS, 100 North SECOND St., Philadelphia, and by all re- utable medicine dealers generally. ☞ For further particulars, see "DYOTT'S ORACLE F HEALTH." nov15-3t

"SADDLE WHITE SURREY FOR THE FIELD." ed Richard III., the morning of Bosworth fight. We can magine the crushed tyrant saying, instead of this, had he ved in modern times: "Wine, no thorns; bring me my new ilwell seat; the one made by Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 24 d 26 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. They are the only in- s who have the skill to fit the warped back of Richard! ound the slanderous slant!" Bang! boo!"

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—This peculiarly efficacious edicine has no equal, and a trial will satisfy the most skepti- al sufferer that in regard to the power of this remedy, too much cannot be said in its praise. It will cure Dyspepsia.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Samuel Sears, No. 181 William Street, New York, for a De- cription Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," e best and most saleable Book now published for agents. sept 13-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Non-lit Crayons, a new wonder, supe- for to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from the editress of Danville, a most highly respectable number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

Danville, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen.—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. In January or February, 1855, I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quan- tities of Laudanum, that in the fall of 1855 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been at great constantly using the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me relief. After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. First the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition, at the solicita- tion of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me much pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single Fit; the use of my hands has re- turned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my ap- petite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	G. B. Brown,
Gen. S. Sanders,	G. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods

J. R. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at the CHEST- UT St. aug21

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 20 Fulton eet, Brooklyn, New York. jel7-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a re- pectable name.

On the 13th of October, by the Rev. Chauncey Giles, of Cin- cinnati, Mr. JONATHAN M. TINSLEY, of Indian Hill, to Miss CATZIE BLACK, of Madisonville, both of Hamilton co., Ohio.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JONATHAN MILLER, of Chester county, to Miss MARY E. AN- DERSON, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the same, Mr. EVAN G. JONES, to Miss ANNIE M. KERR, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 31 instant, at Waynesburg, Chester county, by the Rev. George W. Jerman, of Philadelphia, Mr. WILLIAM SCHEETS, of Germantown, Philadelphia, to Miss MARY A. E. HUGHES, of the former place.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. JAMES M. ZULEY, to Miss REBECCA A. TORLINSON, both of Huntingdon Township, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 30 of Sept. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN H. MILLER, to Miss ELIZABETH H. DILL, both of this city.

On the 28 instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. ANDREW BOSSER, of N. York, to Miss MARY J. HEATTIE, of this city.

On the 30 instant by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, Mr. ANDREW HOOVER, of Washington, D. C. to Mrs. MARY A. ARENTZEN, of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN N. HAZARD, to Miss MARGARET L. DRAKE, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph Castle, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM G. STEWART, to CAROLINE, daughter of Wm. G. Feathard, Esq., both of this city

On the 13th of Sept. by the Rev. F. T. Cattheeper, Mr. THOMAS W. FENNER, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss REBECCA B. BONSAL, of Camden, N. J.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOHN S. RITTER, to Miss MARY S. daughter of Daul. Smith, Esq. both of this city

On the 30th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN A. C. J. SMITH, to Miss SARAH J. DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. John T. Ward, Mr. ISAAC T. ANDERSON, to Miss EMMA M. STINE, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Robert Sutcliffe, WILLIAM HOWELL, of Philadelphia, to Miss JULIA A. GORDON, adopted Capt. Smith Gordon, of the former place.

On the 28th ultimo, by Mayor Vaux, with Friends' Cere- mony, WILLIAM PETERS, to HANNAH P. PETERS, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, Mr. CANTON R. KENNELL, to LYDIA, daughter of Wm. Wal- ace, Esq. both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Aaron Perkins, D. D., the Rev. DANIEL J. PARKER, of Salem, N. Jersey, to Miss SUSAN, elder of Captain Samuel Talens, of Gloucester county, N. ersey.

On the 30th ultimo, in Wilmington, by the Rev. George F. Brown, Mr. ISAAC P. BAIRD, to Miss ANNIE MACGATHGILD, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. M. G. Clark, Mr. WM. TAYLOR, to Miss NINA GRANELLO, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. William Suddards, Mr. ROBERT G. TATEM, to Miss MAGGIE L. daughter of Wm. T. Tatem, Esq. both of this city.

On the 8th of Sept. by the Rev. J. B. Ayres, Mr. GEORGE W. PHIPPS, to Miss ELIZABETH CARNEY, both of this city.

On the 31 of August, by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Mr. THEODORE WARNER, to Miss REBECCA ELLWELL, both of this city.

At Holmesburg, on the 26 instant, by the Rev. James Scott, Mr. CHARLES LAURENT, of Collegeville, to Miss MARY WOOD, of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, JOHN, son of John and Catharine Myers, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 8th instant, Miss CAROLINE SEATON, aged 28 years.

On the 9th instant, RICHARD WALLACE, aged 39 years.

On the 8th instant, RICHARD J. son of Peter and Margaret Reed, aged 22 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY RILEY, aged 36 years.

On the 8th instant, EMMA MAYDURNKER, daughter of Amand- us and the late Tina Hall, aged 2 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. JOHN CLEMMER, aged 62 years.

On the 4th instant, MARY, daughter of William and Anna McGrath.

On the 3d instant, CATHARINE, relict of the late John Mal- lon, aged 73 years.

On the 4th instant, CHARLES THOMAS, aged 74 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARGARET O'BRIAN, aged 19.

In Camden, on the 30 instant, WILLIS, son of John and Anna Valentine, aged 5 years.

On the 24 instant, EDWARD D. son of David and Lydia A. Mintzer, aged 3 years.

On the 4th instant, SAMUEL son of Matthew and the late Mary Canning, aged 5 years and 7 months.

On the 3d instant, RICHARD CHEESMAN, aged 54 years.

On the 4th instant, ARTHUR E. son of Edgar L. and Rebec- ca Waller, aged 3 years and 2 months.

On the 4th instant, MARTHA ALEXANDER, aged 78 years.

On the 4th instant, HENRY FUESS, aged 28 years.

On the 2d instant, MARY EMMA, daughter of Thos. and Han- nah M. Hoyer, aged 6 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY SOURENEY, aged 55 years.

On the 3d instant, MARTHA, daughter of Catharine and the late Reuben C. Wagner, aged 16 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. CHARITY HUMERICK, aged 79.

On the 2d instant, KATE, daughter of Peter and Margaret Hoffman, aged 1 year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. FRANCIS CREELY, aged 28 years.

On the 31 instant, JOHN, son of Thomas and Anne Maher, aged 3 years and 8 months.

On the 31 instant, SYLVESTER JAMES, son of Saml. and Elean- or B. Finley, aged 5 years.

On the 1st instant, near Spread Eagle, Chester county, Pa. WILLIAM R. LATCH, aged 19 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ANN CATHCART.

On the 31 instant, Mrs. MARY HASSON, aged 81 years.

On the 31 instant, Mrs. MARGARET DONAHOE, aged 78.

On the 24 instant, CHARLES WHITTON, aged 25 years.

On the 1st instant, MITCHEL WEBER, son of Wm. and Mar- tha Small, aged 4 years and 7 months.

On the 31 instant, WILLIAM WALKER, aged 28 years.

On the 1st instant, ALFRED, son of Alfred and Susan Johnson, aged 5 years and 6 months.

On the 2d instant, JOHN S. REICH, aged 36 years.

On the 1st instant, CAROLINE MAGDALINE, daughter of J. A. and Christina Bernhardt, aged 2 years.

On the 3d instant, JOHN DOUGHERTY, aged 50 years.

On the 31st instant, Mr. FREDERICK G. SMITH, aged 45.

On the 31st ultimo, CELIA WEAVER, daughter of Chas. and Christiana Johnson, aged 5 years.

On the 2d instant, LOUISA, daughter of Max and Cecilia Bayer, aged 6 years and 8 months.

On the 2d instant, JAMES McGOWN, aged 3 years and 8 mos.

On the 1st instant, HARRY, son of the late Geo. W. and Eli- zabeth Byerly, aged 7 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN M. CORMICK, aged 47 years.

On the 2d instant, Mr. SAMUEL CANNON, aged 65 years.

On the 1st instant, PATRICK MALLEY, aged 30 years.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, November 10, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ½ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Solvent bks ¼ dis
Mech & Br'dgtn 15 dis
Wheat Grower's bk
Newton 15 dis
DELAWARE.
Solvent bks par
Under 5's ½ dis
MARYLAND.
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co. ¼ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.
Exchange bk 30 dis
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk ¼ dis
Knickerbocker bk 1½ dis
Jones bk 2½ dis
Far & Mech Brooklyn 2½ dis
Mer & Mech bk Oswego 30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis
Empire City bk 1½ dis
Central bk 1½ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis
Bk of Hallowell 3 dis
Calais bk 10 dis
Ellsworth bk 20 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
South Royalton bk 2 dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis
Bk Republic Providence failed
CANADA.
Solv bks 2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1½ dis
Small notes 2 dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
Bk of Knowles 12 dis
Treas Alleghany 3 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
New bks 2 to 5 dis
Bk of Milledgeville no sale
Atlanta 5 dis
Planters and Mechs bk
Dalton no sale
ALABAMA.
Bk of Mobile 1½ dis
Other solv bks 5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1½ dis
OHIO.
Solvent bks ¼ dis
Bk of Circleville 55 dis
Canal bk Cleveland 2 dis
City bk Columbus 1½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¼ dis
INDIANA.
State bk ¼ dis
Free bks 5 to 60 dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Quincy City bk 10 dis
Railroad bk Decatur 5 dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¼ dis
TENNESSEE.
Solv bks 2 dis
Small notes 21 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis
ARKANSAS.
All bks no sale
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Com & Agricultural bk
Galveston 10 dis

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A SPANISH CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

AN EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

This Balsam is confidently recommended to the afflicted as A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

The cures it has effected of

CONFIRMED CONSUMPTION,

warrants us in asking for it that attention from the public it me- rits as

A GREAT LUNG REMEDY

so much entitle it to.

It is an ☞ EXTERNAL APPLICATION, ☜ com- posed of emollient or fatty substances, combined with certain vegetable ingredients found in peculiar localities in Spain, and exerts its marvellously beneficial qualities by means of Absorp- tion. Applied to the surface of the chest on a bandage made expressly for the purpose, the parts affected are brought almost immediately under its healing influences, and even in advanced stages of the disease,

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A CURE IN 75 OUT OF EVERY 100 PATIENTS

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Spain, as we have already mentioned in Diseases of the Lungs, and kindred complaints, proves conclusively that the treatment at present in vogue of *drenching the Stomach* for an affection locat- ed in the Lungs is worse than useless. *No case of confirmed Consumption EVER WAS and never can be cured by it:* but to those suffering from this scourge of the human race, no matter how severely afflicted, we say in all sincerity

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THE GREAT LUNG REMEDY OF THE AGE.

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SIMPLICITY.—Both the Mill and power are so simple in their construction, that any one of ordinary mechanical ability can comprehend them, put them up and run them without dan- ger or difficulty.

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Prepared by a distinguished American writer, and profusely and elegantly illustrated. There will also appear during the year several

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BAKER'S CHURCH MUSIC.

The attention of Music Teachers and Leaders of Choirs, is particularly called to this valuable collection of Music.

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Is now binding. Teachers supplied at wholesale on the most favorable terms.

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Prof. BAKER'S New SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK,

A charming book for Common and High Schools, pleasing in its compositions, and thorough in its teachings. Teachers and School Committees are invited to an examination of this book.

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PLEASE TO READ THIS!

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EXTRA INDUCEMENTS FOR 1857.

ALL PERSONS IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, pre-paid, by forwarding us their address. Par- ticular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our Large Type Quarto PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS. Our books are sold only by canvassers, and well known to be the most saleable. Address, (post-paid), ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, sept13t 181 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

AGAIN OFFERED AS A PREMIUM.

The West Chester County Fair of the State of Pennsylvania have for two years offered Godey's Lady's Book as a Premium, and now the Mercer County Agricultural Fair, of Illinois, have done the same. This is highly complimentary to the LADY'S BOOK.

☞ See advertisement, in another column. It

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Wit and Humor.

THE PRINTER AND THE DUTCHMAN.

A Dutchman sitting at the door of his tavern, in the far West, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward, on foot, with a bundle on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Misther Valking Shtick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshment," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin, I reckon."

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mit chwelry in your pack, to shent to gals?"

"No, sir, I am no Yankee peddler."

"A singin-maister, too lazy to work?"

"No, sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure te gals' feet and hankies better tan to make to shoes?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book achent, vot bodders to school committees till they do vat you wish, choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, sir. I am no book agent."

"Te tyfels! a dentist preaking the people's jaws at a dollar a shnag, and runnin off mit my daughter?"

"No, sir, I am no tooth puller."

"Phrenologus, den, feelin to young folks hen is like so many cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, ten, vat te tyfels can yon pe? Choost tell, and you shall have te beast sausage for supper, and shlay all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whiskey to start mit in te mornin."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsh nooshpapers! Oh, yaw! yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot printsh nooshpapers! Yaw, yaw! Valk up! a man vot prints nooshpapers! I vish I may pe shot if I did not tink yon vas a poor tyfel of a dishtrick schoolmaster, who verks for nottin, and boards round. I tought you vas him."

Getting Naturalized.—Shakeville, not very far out West, is truly a great place. It promises to be the grand centre of civilization in a certain number of years, if no other point is selected by particular request of the universe. The most important beverage of the place is fever and ague, to a dose of which every stranger is treated on his arrival. This consideration for new arrivals has given the Shakevillians a world-wide reputation. In consequence of this idiosyncrasy on the part of the citizens of Shakeville, the chief imports are graduates from medical colleges and quinine—especially quinine. Half of the people of that vicinity are nearly deaf from the effects of this form of Peruvian bark.

During an election that took place at the above delightful city, not long since, an Irishman, "fresh-arrove," stepped up to the polls. One of the board of election, who was sitting near the window of the room in which the ballot-box was situated, observing him, asked him what he wanted.

"Be jabers," said Paddy, "I want to vo-at."

"Want to vote? But you can't vote," responded the guardian of the ballot-box, "unless you have been naturalized."

"Ben fwhat, sur?" said Patrick.

"Been naturalized," reiterated the guardian.

"An' that's fwhat I have bin, sur!" responded Pat.

"Don't be lying," said the guardian. "You haven't been in the country six weeks. How was you naturalized?"

"The wust kind, sur; I had the *furer agee*. Divil burn me, but it shuck the taith out of me hid, it did. Would I vo-at now, sur?"

"Yes—vote—a dozen times," said the guardian, as a yell from the populace went up endorsing Pat; "yes, vote and begone." And Pat deposited a straight vo-at, as the guardian said to his companions;—"All right, *a man who is acclimated, is naturalized in Shakeville.*"

Would Not Go.—A young enthusiast was talking to his intended a few evenings since, urging upon her speedy marriage, and a start to spend the honeymoon in California.

"I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of this earth. There's no use talking!"

"No use talking!" exclaimed the lady, with a look of surprise.

"No use talking," he repeated.

"Well, if there's no use talking," said the lady, "what do you want of women there? I don't go!"

He left—but we presume he will be back.

A Doubtful Story.—A man up in New Hampshire went out gunning one day this spring—he saw a flock of pigeons sitting on a limb of an old pine, so he dropped a ball into his gun and fired. The ball split the limb, which closed up and caught the toes of all the birds in it. He saw that he had got them all. So he fastened two balls together and fired; cut the limb off, which fell into the river; he then waded in and brought it ashore. On counting them there were three hundred pigeons, and in his boots were two barrels of shad.

A Hoop Catastrophe.—*Sam:* "Bob, what makes you limp so?"

Bob: "'Limp,' I guess you'd limp if you had walked between two rows of barrel hoops as long as I have. Why, the outside of my legs are as raw as a piece of beef; but I have got an invention to cure that difficulty. I'm going to take them military pants of mine, and run a piece of bar steel right down through the stripes, and then if any hooped female, or walking cooper's shop, invites me out, I shan't have my leg saw'd off."

Paternal Generosity.—*Interceding Friend:* "Will you not do something, sir, to relieve the unfortunate position of your son? He is at present in the Queen's Bench, and—"

Father (vehemently): "Not a penny, sir—not a penny, sir—not one! Out to-day, he would be in again to-morrow; but I will tell you what I'll do not mind doing to assist him in his difficulties: I will undertake to allow him £200 a year so long *as he will consent to remain in prison!* With his habits, it's the safest place for him."

Going the Whole Animal.—"Bill," said one loafer to another, recently, "I'se a National Reformer, I is."

"Vy, is that our party?"

"Vy, yes, hossy, it is that. If you puts in a vote for that party, you votes yourself a farm."

"Vell, I don't go that without they'll go a little further. I wants a farm, and somebody to work it, beside."

Mr. O'Dwyer's Full, True and Particular Account

OF THE

Recent Glorious Coronation at Moscow.

Oh! the Coronation! what celebration
For the Russian nation and the British press!
On the glorious Sunday, which was like a Monday,
For a feast and fun-day, neither more nor less.
What with Esterhazy, in his diamonds blazy,
Fit to drive you crazy—and the dust and work,
And the crowd and scrunch, oh! and the fruit-and-bun show,
And the Papal Nuncio, and the heathen Turk!

There was Count de Morny, with half California
In his carriage tawny, like a red-hot bar
On the goldsmith's anvil; and the Earl of Granville,
With his Countess sitting in their low-backed car,
Less grand and flashily; and my young lord Ashley,
With Sir Robert's Tiger, and his bride so fair,
Whose charms kill dead words; and Sutherland Edwards
A taking notice as if he didn't care!

Oh, the height the Mosque is! and the price of droskies!
And the peelers walloping the mujiks poor;
With the bearded bishops, and the dry salt-fish shops,
With the pickled cucumbers outside the door.
And the Queen Ainslie, of famed Mingrelia,
Who begg'd of your servant her dress to praise;
'Twould be worth a thaler if young Misther Sala
Had stay'd in Rooshia just a few more days.

Mighty Alexander! the elect commander
Of sixty millions—who don't own their souls!
To observe that sovereign his august pate covering
With a crown he handled just like red-hot coals!
Then to see him shift it—(he could scarcely lift it.)
And pretend to put it on his sweet wife's head,
Which to wear she loath was—and knocked up they both was,
For the poor young craytures hadn't been to bed!

Then the owld Czarina—fait! you should have seen her!—
Who forgot her manners in her height of joy;
Says she, "Oh, bother! sure, ain't I his mother?
Get out of that—and let me kiss my boy!"
Then to watch the cuddling—and the young Dukes buddling
'Round Papa's clean trowsers—sure my eyes grew dim,
At the sight infantine—but the Duke Constantine,
He look'd as if he'd rather it was *him*.

Then they had to oil him (that's the Czar); to spoil him,
(What a shame!) and soil him; for the tailor's nose
What a sad disjointment and a disappointment
When they dabb'd the *ointment* on the fine new clothes!
Then the anthem swelling and the people yelling,
And the incense smelling like spiced butter'd toast—
And the dreadful bustle made by Misther Russell,
Likewise Misther Edwards, all to catch the post.

Then the banquet splendid—of course I attended—
(And I saw it ended, you your oath may take),
When the gracious Emperor, in the sweetest temper e'er
Displayed by monarch, tried to keep awake,
After all night watching—at the ducks and Cochin
Still his knife kept notching—I'd my eyes on him!
But his brow grew murky when they brought him Turkey,
For he vow'd he wouldn't touch a single limb.

Oh! the stews and hashings, and the drink in lushings,
And the tumbler smashings (never charged in bill!)—
And the toast and glee time which went on till tea-time,
When the Czar felt poorly and his lady ill.
(Troth, he looked a low cup!) then the meeting broke up;
Then for stick and cloak up we'd to stir the hall.
Faith, 'twas aggravating—but some Lord-in-Waiting
Had changed my hat for ne'er a one at all!

Oh! the fireworks blazing, and the people gazing
At the sight amazing of a town in flame;
Yet so used to burning, ne'er a feather turning
(Though the price of whiskey was a broiling shame).
And the wooden houses, and the girls and spouses
In scarlet petticoats and flat cloth caps;
While Cossack Vandals never touch'd the candles:
I quite esteemed the self-denying chaps.

Sure the Mosque Saint Basil was a sight to dazzle,
Like a congreve warehouse burning in a lump.
And Ma'amselle Cerito, who shook the merry toe
To a tune of *several thousand francs per jump.*
Quite late we sat up—— But you'll get all that up
Without the wasting of my precious rhymes.
For as we went bedwards, there was Russell and Edwards,
A-taking notes, like mad, for both the "Times!"

—London Pictorial Times.

☞ "Timion!" exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon; "front face, and tind to rowl call! As many of yo as is presint will say 'Here!' and as many of ye as is not presint will say 'Absint!'"

Agricultural.

Value of Sheep to the Farmer.—It is of more importance to the farmer than is generally supposed, that a certain proportion of his farm stock should consist of sheep. Speaking on this point, R. S. Fay, of Lynn, recently remarked at an Agricultural meeting in Boston (as reported in the N. E. Farmer), "Sheep are gleaners after other stock, and will help keep the cattle pastures in good condition by being turned into them occasionally, to eat the coarser plants which have been left. They will enrich the land. There is no manure so fertilizing as that of sheep, and it does not so readily waste by exposure as that of other animals. Sheep may be made exceedingly useful in helping to prepare land for a crop. A German agriculturalist has calculated that the droppings from one thousand sheep during a single night would manure an acre sufficiently. By that rule a farmer may determine how long to keep any given number of sheep on a particular piece of land. Mr. Fay said he was accustomed to fold his sheep upon land which he designed for corn and other crops; and in so doing he shut them upon half an acre at a time, keeping them there by a wire fence, which was easily moved from place to place. In this way his land was well manured without the labor of shoveling and carting." These ideas are worth reading by the farmer. We believe any farm will bear a certain number of sheep, in proportion to the other stock, not only without loss to the amount of grazing which it will yield to the cattle and horses, but to the increase of the same. Mr. Fay, by his management, makes the lambs and manure pay for keeping the sheep, and the wool is clear profit.

Currant Trees.—Having noticed that currant bushes may as well be made trees as shrubs, I conclude to tell you how I have seen it done. In the spring of 1831, my father commenced a garden, and among other things set cuttings for current bushes. I determined to experiment on one of those cuttings; and as soon as it grew, I pinched off all the leaves, except the top tuft, which I let grow. The cutting was about fourteen inches long, and during the summer the sprout from this grew ten inches.

The next spring I pinched off all the leaves to about half way up the first year's growth, so as to leave the lowest limbs two feet from the ground. It branched well, and became a handsome little dwarf tree. When it came to bear fruit, it was more productive than any other bush in the garden, and the fruit larger.

It was less infested with spiders and other insects; hens could not pick off the fruit, and grass and weeds were more easily kept from the roots, and it was an ornament instead of a blemish. Now I would propose that currant cutting be set in rows about four or five feet apart each way (let them be long and straight ones,) and trained into trees.—*Michigan Farmer.*

NO GO.

Miss Belle Blowmeup orders her carriage, but finds it is no longer possible for her to get into it. Miss Belle exclaims at the folly which leads them to make carriages "so dreadfully small now-a-days."

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES OF VARIOUS FARM PRODUCTS

And Other Things in Various Countries.

In England and America grain is generally rated by the bushel, though it is not the same measure; for here we use the Winchester bushel, which contains 2,150 42-100 cubic inches. There, since 1826, the legal measure is called the imperial bushel, which contains 2,218 cubic inches; so that 32 of their bushels are about equal to 33 of ours.

The following are the commercial weights of a bushel of different articles, viz: Wheat, beans, potatoes and cloverseed, 60 pounds. Corn, rye, flaxseed and onions, 56 pounds. Corn on the cob weighs 70 pounds. Buckwheat, 52; barley, 48; hempseed, 44; timothyseed, 45; castor-beans, 46; oats, 35; bran, 20; blue grass seed, 14; salt, 50, according to one account, but Onondaga salt is 56, (the real weight of coarse salt is 85 pounds to the bushel;) dried apples, 24; dried peaches, 33, according to a table lately published in numerous papers, but according to our experience both are wrong. We have seen thousands of bushels sold at 22 pounds to the bushel, which will measure about three pecks.

Heaping Measures.—Potatoes, turnips, and esculent roots, apples and other fruits, meal and bran, and in some States oats are sold by heaping measure, which contains 2,815 cubic inches. The size of a Winchester bushel measure, is a circular ring with straight sides 8 inches high and 18½ in diameter. A box 12 inches square, with sides 7.7 1-32 inches high, will hold half a bushel.

Comparative Grain Measures.—Besides the difference between the Winchester and imperial and heaped bushels, before stated, there are a dozen or more local bushels. For instance, at Abington, Eng., 9 gallons; at Penrith, 16; at Carlisle, 24; at Chester, 32, &c. In France, the *setier* is as 4,427 to 1,000 compared with the imperial bushel; that is 4427-1000 bushels. In Holland, the *muddo* is as 3,157. In Prussia, the *scheffel*, 1,479. In Poland, the *korsec*, 1,451. In Spain, the *fanega*, 1,599; that is, 99-1000 over a bushel and a-half.

Barrel Measures.—Rice, 600 pounds; flour, 196 pounds; powder, 25 pounds; cider and other liquids, 30 gallons; corn, 5 bushels, shelled. By this latter measure crops are estimated, and corn bought and sold throughout most of the Southern and Western States. At New Orleans, a barrel of corn is a flour barrel full of ears. In some parts of the West it is common to count a hundred ears for a bushel.

Ton Weight and Ton Measure.—A ton of hay or any coarse bulky article usually sold by that measure, is twenty gross hundred; that is, 2,240 pounds; though in many places that ridiculous old fashion is being done away and 2,000 pounds only counted to a ton.

A tun of timber, if round, consists of 40 cubic feet; if square, 54 feet. A tun of wine, is 252 gallons.

A Quarter of Corn is the fourth of a ton, or eight imperial bushels. This is an English measure, not in use in this country, though very necessary to be known, so as to understand agricultural reports. So of several of the following weights and measures.

A Last of soap, ashes, herring, &c., 12 barrels; of corn, 10 quarters; of gunpowder, 24 barrels; of flax or feathers, 1,700; of wool, 12 sacks.

A Sack of Wool is 22 stone; that is, 14 pounds to the stone, 308 pounds.

A Bell of Wool is the same weight.

A Pack of Wool is 17 stone 2 pounds—240 pounds, a pack load for a horse.

A Tod of Wool is 2 stone, that is 28 pounds; 6½ tods 1 wey; and 2 weys a sack.

A Clove of Wool is 7 pounds, or half a stone. Recollect, a stone is 14 pounds, when talking of wool, feathers, &c., but when applied to beef, fish, and other meats, it is only 8 pounds.

A Truss of Hay, new, 60 pounds; old, 56; of straw, 40 pounds. A load, 36 trusses.

A Firkin of Butter is 56 pounds; a tub, 84.

A Scotch Pint contains 105 cubic inches, and is equal to 4 English pints.

A Farlot of Wheat is 21½ Scotch pints.

Troy Weight and Avoirdupois Weight.—One hundred and forty-four pounds avoirdupois are equal to 175 pounds Troy—175 ounces Troy are equal to 192 ounces avoirdupois. All precious metals are bought and sold by Troy weight.

The Kilogramme of France is 1,000 grammes, and equal to 2 pounds 2 ounces, 4 grains avoirdupois.

A Chaldron of Coal is 58½ cubic feet, generally estimated 36 bushels. A bushel of anthracite coal weighs 80 pounds, which makes the weight of a chaldron 2,880.

Weights of a Cubic Foot.—Of sand or loose earth, 95 pounds; compact soil, 124; a strong or clayey soil, 127; pure clay, 136; mixture of stones and clay, 160; masonry of stone, 205; brick, 125; cast iron, 450; steel, 489; copper, 486; lead, 709; silver, 654; gold, 1,203; plantina, 1,218; glass, 180; water, 62; tallow, 59; cork, 15; oak timber, 73; mahogany, 66; air 0.0753. In the above, fractions are disregarded.

A Bale of Cotton, in Egypt, is 90 pounds; in America, a commercial bale is 400 pounds, but is put up in different States varying from 280 to 720 pounds. Sea Island cotton is put up in sacks of 300 pounds.

A Bale of Hay is 300 pounds.

A Cord of Wood is 128 solid feet, usually put up 8 feet long, 4 feet wide and 4 high. In France a cord of wood is 576 feet.

A Stack of Wood is 108 solid feet; 12 feet long, 3 high, and 3 wide. A *skid* of wood is a round bundle of small sticks, 4 feet long, girting for a one-notch, 16 inches; two-notch, 23 inches; three-notch, 28 inches; four-notch, 33 inches; five-notch, 38 inches. A *billet* of wood is similar to a skid, being 3 feet long, 7, 10 and 14 inches round. They are sold by the score or hundred. A score is 20 in number.

Fagots are bundles of brush 3 feet long and 2 feet round. A load of fagots is 50 such bundles. A *quintal* of wood is 100 pounds. All fuel should be sold by the pound.

A Perch of Stone is 25 cubic feet, piled, or 22 in the wall.

Lime and Sand to a perch of stone. Three pecks of lime, and two-thirds of a one-horse cart load of sand.

Weight of Lime.—A bushel of limestone weighs 142 pounds; after it is burned, it weighed directly from the kiln, 75 pounds; showing that 67 pounds of carbonic acid and water have been driven off by fire. This bushel of lime will absorb 20 pounds of water, gradually applied during several days, and will then be in a state of dry powder, weighing 93 pounds; showing that 18 pounds of water have been converted into a slod, dry substance.

To Measure a Ton of Hay.—One hundred cubic feet of hay, in a solid mow or stack, will weigh a ton.

To Measure Cattle by Compute Weight.—Ascertain the girth back of the shoulders, and the length along the back, from the square of the buttock, to a point even with the point of the shoulder blade; say the girth is 6 feet 4 inches, and the length 5 feet 3 inches, which, multiplied together, gives 31 feet. Multiply this by 23, the number of pounds allowed to the foot, between 5 and 7 feet girth, and the result is 713 pounds, for the number of pounds of beef in the four quarters. Girths, from 7 to 9 feet, allow 31 pounds to the foot. Cattle must be fat and square built to hold out weight.

To Measure Grain in Bins, multiply the length and width together, and that product by the height in cubic inches, and divide by 2,150, and you have the number of bushels.

To Measure Corn in the Ear, find the cubic inches as above, and divide by 2,815, the cubic inches in a heaped bushel, and take two-thirds of the quotient for the number of bushels of shelled corn. This is upon the rule of giving three heaping half bushels of ears to make a bushel of grain. Some falls short and some overruns this measure.

Board Measures.—Boards are sold by face measure. Multiply the width in inches by any number of pieces of equal length, by the inches of the length. Divide by 144, and the quotient is the number of feet, for any thickness under an inch. Every fourth inch increase of thickness adds a fourth to the number of feet in the face measure.

Land Measure.—Every farmer should have a rod measure, a light stiff pole, just 16½ feet long, for measuring land. By a little practice he can learn to step just a rod at five steps, which will answer very well for ordinary farm work. Ascertain the number of rods in width and length of any lot you wish to measure, and multiply one into the other and divide by 160, and you have the number of acres, as 160 square rods make a square acre. If you wish to lay off one acre square, measure 18 rods upon each side. This lacks one rod of being full measure.

Government Land Measure.—A township is six miles square, and contains 36 sections, 23,040 acres. A section, one mile square, 640 acres.—A quarter section, half a mile square, 160 acres. As this is 160 rods square, a strip one rod wide, or every rod in width, is an acre. A half quarter section is half a mile long, north and south, almost universally, and a fourth of a mile wide, 80 acres. A quarter-quarter section is one-fourth of a mile square, 40 acres, and is the smallest sized tract, except fractions, ever sold by the government. The price is $1,25 an acre.

Measure of a Mile.—While engaged in the compilation of this valuable article, we received the following table from a friend in Maine, who, in remarking upon the indisposition of some persons to take an agricultural paper, "because," they say, "it pertains to the system of book-farming," says some object to the "Plough" because "they can't afford it." We are sorry for their poverty, but more so for ignorance and stupid determination to remain in it. This single article, which if less than the fiftieth part of what we give them for fifty cents, would cost any one of them fifty times the price of the "Plough," in labor, to glean this information from fifty dollars' worth of books. Our measure of distance is by the standard English mile, which is 5,280 feet in length, or 1,760 yards, or 320 rods.

An English geographical mile is equal to 2,050 yards.

Ancient Scottish	mile	1	mile English and	224	yards.
Ancient Irish	"	1	"	880	"
German short	"	3	"	1579	"
German long	"	4	"	1320	"
Hanoverian	"	6	miles English and	968	yards.
Tuscan	"	1	"	45	"
Russian	"	5	"	1107	"
Danish	"	4	"	1204	"
Dantzic	"	4	"	1135	"
Hungarian	"	5	"	213	"
Swiss	"	5	"	357	"
Swedish	"	5	"	1140	"
Arabian	"	1	"	380	"

Modern Roman mile 132 yards less than English.

Length of Leagues.

French posting league	2	miles English and	713	yards.	
French league	3				
English "	3				
Spanish judicial league	2	"	1113	"	
Portugal "	3	"	1480	"	
Flanders "	3	"	1584	"	
Spanish common "	5	"	376	"	

Length of other Measures.

Persian Parasang	3	miles English and	506	yards.	
Russian Werst	6	"	593	"	
Turkish Beh	1	"	61	"	

A German geographical mile is equal to 4 English miles, or 8100 yards.

Scripture Measures.—"*A Sabbath Day's Journey*" is 1,155 yards—about two-thirds of a mile. *A Day's Journey* is 33½ miles. *A Reed* is 10 feet 11½ inches. *A palm* is 3 inches. *A Fathom* is 6 feet. *A Greek Foot* is 12½ inches. *A Hebrew Foot* is 1 212-1000 English feet. *A Cubit* is 2 feet. *A Great Cubit* is 1½ feet. *An Egyptian Cubit* is 21 888-1000 inches. *A Span* is 10 944-1000 inches.

As the superfices of all our States and counties are expressed in square miles, it should be borne in mind that the contents of a mile is 640 acres.

Number of Square Yards in an Acre.—English, 4,840; Scotch, 6,150; Irish, 7,840; Hamburg, 11,545; Amsterdam, 9,722; Dantzic, 6,650; France, (hectare,) 11,960; Prussia, (morgen,) 3,053.

Manure Measure.—This is generally estimated by the load, which is just about as definite as the phrase, "about as big as a piece of chalk." It ought to be measured by the cubic yard or cord. A cubic yard is 27 cubic feet, each of which contains 1,728 cubic inches. A cubic cord is 128 cubic feet. As the most of farmers have an idea in their minds of the size of a pile of wood containing a cord, they would readily compare that with the quantity of manure, if stated in cords. Every cart or wagon box, before it leaves the maker's shop, ought to have the cubic feet and inches it will contain, indelibly marked upon it. This would enable the owner to calculate the amount of his load of grain, roots, earth, stone, or manure.

Weight of Manure.—A solid foot of half rotted stable manure will weigh, upon an average, 56 pounds. If it is coarse or dry, it will average 48 pounds to the foot. *A load of manure*, or 36 cubic feet, of first quality, will weigh 2,016 pounds; of second quality, 1,728 pounds. *Weight to the acre*—Eight loads of first kind, weighing 16,128 pounds, will give 108 pounds to each square rod, and less than 2½ lbs. to each square foot. Five loads will give 63 pounds to the rod. An acre containing 43,560 square feet, the calculation of pounds per foot, of any quantity per acre, is easily made.

The measure of Mind may be considerably expanded in every youth who will carefully study these pages, which we have prepared with a measure of labor especially for the benefit of all who measure the capacity of our intellect to give useful information by our monthly chronicles of matters calculated, or at least intended, to elevate the minds of our readers immeasureably above those who are still groping in the darkness of willful ignorance, because of their misjudged economy in not patronising papers and schools. —*The Plow.*

A Horse with the Heaves.—I tried all sorts of heave powders on my patient, with no effect whatever. It is said that in a limestone country this disease is unknown, and lime water was prescribed with no apparent advantage. Some one told me to give the horse ginger, and, strange to tell, I found that a tablespoonful of ginger given to the "General" with his oats, would cure him for the day, in half-an-hour after he had eaten it; but on giving it daily, the effect soon ceased. It is a jockey's remedy, and will last long enough to swap upon. Finally, I was advised to cut my horse's fodder, and give it always wet. I pursued that course carefully, keeping the "General" tied with so short a halter that he could not eat his bedding, giving him chopped hay and meal three times a day, and never more than a bucket of water at a time. He improved rapidly. I have kept him five years, making him a *factotum*—carriage horse, saddle horse, plough and cart horse—and he bids fair to remain useful for five years to come. Kept in this way, his disease does not lessen his value for speed or labor a single dollar. When the boys grow careless, and give him dry hay, he informs me of it in a few days by the peculiar cough I have mentioned; but sometimes, for six months together, no indication of disease is visible, and he would pass for a sound horse with the most knowing in such matters. There is no doubt that clover hay, probably because of its dust, often induces the heaves. Stable keepers, with us, refuse it altogether for this reason. Many suppose that the wind of the horse is affected by the heaves, so that fast driving at any time will, as we express it, put him out of breath. With my horse it is not so. When the "General" was at the worst, rapid driving, when just from the stable, would increase his difficulty, but a mile or two of moderate exercise would dissipate the symptoms entirely. We have occasionally what are called *wind-broken* horses, which are nearly worthless for want of wind. They can never be driven rapidly without great distress, and frequently give out entirely by a few miles driving. This is thought to be a different disease. The "General's" case is, I suppose, a fair example of the *heaves*. I have no doubt that regular feeding with chopped and wet fodder, and exclusion of dust from hay fed to other animals in the same stable, would render many horses now deemed almost worthless, and which manifestly endure great suffering, equally valuable for most purposes with those that are sound.—*Indiana Far.*

Reaping Machines vs. Hand Labor.—The English Agricultural Gazette calculates that if manufacturers could only distribute 10,000 reapers before another harvest, it would be equivalent to more than letting loose all England's standing army on the grain fields of Great Britain. And it further remarks—"Had we had such means at our command this year we should not now have had to complain of one-half our crop being five days in the rain. Supposing these machines to have been a week at work, 500,000 acres would have yielded 2,000,000 quarters of grain, worth more both in money and as food, by much more than the value of the machine, than it now will prove to be. And the ground would have been cleared a fortnight earlier than it will for autumn cultivation and the other sources of employment which energetic agriculture furnishes."

☞ Stock in Trade.—A brass plate, a wife, and a night-bell are the three first things that it is incumbent upon a medical man to procure and exhibit.—*Albert Smith.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 9, 11, 21, 5, 17, was an Italian poet.
My 1, 7, 18, 13, 10, is a town in Italy.
My 12, 17, 15, 17, 20, was a Grecian reformer.
My 2, 21, 10, 17, is a river in Italy.
My 23, 16, 9, 17, 20, was a Grecian general.
My 21, 9, 17, is an island on the coast of Europe.
My 11, 20, 1, 19, 12, was a celebrated Indian chief, a firm friend to the whites.
My 4, 8, 3, is a town in Mexico.
My 15, 17, 22, 12, was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My whole was a distinguished Roman. CINROS.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 2, 6, 11, 17, 14, was a celebrated discoverer.
My 7, 8, 4, 12, 5, 13, was a distinguished English poet.
My 1, 17, 3, 8, 13, 11, is the author of a well-known song.
My 3, 17, 11, 16, was a British general.
My 8, 13, 5, 12, is a noted American poet.
My 10, 2, 4, 18, 12, was a revolutionary hero.
My whole is a distinguished American authoress.
GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 3, 9, 16, is what we all must do if we expect to live.
My 6, 17, 18, is a number.
My 14, 15, 24, 10, 21, 25, is a man's name.
My 27, 23, 20, 30, 31, 32, is a certain race of people.
My 2, 11, 27, 23, is what the farmer cannot well do without.
My 1, 5, 26, 19, is what the Arabs use in travelling.
My 4, 8, 2, 26, is what every child should learn to do.
My 7, 8, 13, 4, 3, 9, 16, is what is done in an army sometimes.
My 12, 29, 30, 19, is what most all of us have.
My 30, 21, 22, 23, 15, is what every man should own.
My whole is what we read of in history.
Crawfordsville, Ind. DAVID A. MILLS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 4, 12, 18, 3, 15, are indispensable to comfort.
My 19, 6, 22, 11, 4, was created in the first day.
My 11, 20, 7, 6, who would be without.
My 16, 25, 20, 16, 15, 6, is a fashionable employment for ladies.
My 12, 2, 21, 22, is used by lovers.
My 17, 23, 2, 5, is indispensable to ladies.
My 20, 21, 6, 20, 21, sometimes draws tears.
My 30, 23, 12, 21, 22, 23, is a delicious fruit.
My 10, 15, 24, 13, 1, 12, 26, is a man's name.
My 14, 24, 22, 6, is a useful herb.
My whole is a proverb which is not very pleasing to young folks. F. C. T.
Frankfort, Ky.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An adjective, a noun, and a verb,
My first will bring to view,
As an adjective, friends of the Post,
I would it may apply to you.

My second, for shoes is renowned,
And is found in an Eastern State;
My whole was a man truly loved,
And worthy of the title great.

Wheeling. HELA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the hands of many my first is seen,
Both old, young, rich, and poor;
Whate'er of my second a person has,
He still is wanting more.

Now these unite, and you will scan—
Indeed, 'tis really so—
The name of a gallant officer
Who fell in Mexico. FRANK.
Hurricane Branch, Ind.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an exclamation;
My second's a habitation;
My whole's a recommendation.
GAHMEW.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of a right-angled triangle is to its area as 1 to 2, and the lengths of the lines drawn from the acute angles to the centre of the inscribed circle are to each other as 1 to the square root of 2. The sides of the triangle are required? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin.

SCRIPTURAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Ah! I plant.
2. All the pie.
3. Rain this home.
4. Die glad.
5. Hit that sim.
6. At hand.
7. Claim Hebe.
8. O! this Helen.
9. As chairs.
10. His rein.
11. A shoe.
12. His nap.

Lexington, Ky. O. L. BRADLEY.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a falsehood spoken by a Jew like the seventh month of the year? Ans.—Because it is a July, (July.)

☞ Why is a man just out of bed like a flower? Ans.—Because he's arose.

☞ Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Ans.—Because he's an explainer.

☞ Why is a man who makes additions to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told him? Ans.—Because he re-lies on all he hears.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The loss of the American sloop-of-war Hornet, in the Gulf of Mexico, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Natural Bridge. CHARADE.—Martin-Gale. CHARADE.—Goose-quill. CHARADE.—Louisiana. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—$5.5395.

Not To Be Done.—A pleasant correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from New Orleans, gives the following incident:

You can buy nothing in New Orleans (which is the case, I believe, in most southern and western cities), for less than a "picayune," one-sixteenth of a dollar. Coppers are hardly known; and "nine-pences" (Boston currency) pass indiscriminately for "bits," or one-eighth of a dollar. I was amused at a little incident which I saw on board one of the western boats. A man from the North tried to pass ten coppers upon a "Sucker," a native of Illinois, for a dime.

"What be they?" inquired the Sucker, turning over the coppers in unfeigned ignorance.

"I calculate they are cents," replied the Northerner. "Can't you read?"

"I reckon not," said the other; "and what's more, old hoss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents, mister?"

"I vow to the judges," said the Northerner, "you are worse than the heathen! Cents is money, sartain! Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see it says 'E Pluribus Unum,' that's the Latin for Hail Columbia! and here it's inscribed, one cent."

"Look here, stranger," responded the Sucker putting the thumb of his right hand into his ear and inclining his fingers forward, "you may run that saw on a Hoosier, or a Wolverine, but I' dod rotted if you Yankee me with the contraly stuff."

And he marched off to the social hall, to indulge in a drink of corn whiskey, in compliment to his own sagacity.